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## REVIEWS

*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.* By an American. 2 vols. New York, Harper & Brothers; London, O. Rich.

THESE are two very pleasant volumes. The writer is a well-informed man, with so much of scholarship,—such a knowledge of history, antiquity, and art, as was required for a just appreciation of the wondrous monuments scattered over the countries visited—and he affects no more. There is not a wearisome page in his whole work: such indeed is the spirit of his descriptions, and the vivid force and truth of his narrative, that reading his book is like accompanying him on his route, and the reader grows at last to take something like a personal interest in his adventures. The style, too, is excellent—unaffected and unpretending, with the flavour and freshness, and perhaps something of the carelessness, of conversation. The journal begins at Alexandria, and ends on the writer's return to that city: it is evidently an excerpt from a more extensive manuscript; and we hope public encouragement will tempt him to publish the remainder.

We have, indeed, been so well satisfied with our travelling companion on this occasion, that we propose, so far as space will permit, that our readers shall accompany him on his journey. We mean, however, to confine our extracts principally to sketches of scenery and manners: the reader who seeks for information respecting the temples and monuments of Egypt, we would refer at once to other works.

Alexandria need not detain us long. The following, however, may interest those who desire to trace the history of art:—

"There can be no doubt that immense treasures are still buried under the ruins of Alexandria; but whether they will ever be discovered will depend upon the pacha's necessities, as he may need the ruins of ancient temples for building forts or bridges. New discoveries are constantly made, and between my first and second visit a beautiful vase had been discovered, pronounced to be the original of the celebrated Warwick vase found at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli. It was then in the hands of the French consul, who told me he would not take its weight in gold for it. I have since seen the vase at Warwick castle; and if the one found at Alexandria is not the original, it is certainly remarkable that two sculptors, one in Egypt and the other in Italy, conceived and fashioned two separate works of art so exactly resembling each other."

Having reached the eternal river,—“the river which the Egyptians worshipped, the Arabs love, and which, as the Mussulmans say, if Mohammed had tasted, he would have prayed for terrestrial immortality,”—and exchanged their boat for one of a larger class, they set sail with a favourable wind; and, on the evening of the fourth day, the writer observes:—

"We came in sight of the 'world's great wonder,' the eternal Pyramids, standing at the head of a long reach in the river directly in front of us, and almost darkening the horizon: solitary, grand, and gloomy, the only objects to be seen in the great desert before us. The sun was about setting in that cloudless sky known only in Egypt; for a few moments their lofty summits were lighted by a gleam of lurid red, and, as the glorious orb settled behind the mountains of the Libyan desert, the atmosphere became dark and more indistinct, and their clear outline continued to be seen after the whole earth was shrouded in gloom."

Next morning they entered Cairo. But we have had so many descriptions of the city of the Califs—of its slave market—of introductions there or elsewhere to the Pacha—so many visits to the Pyramids—that we must pass on, merely mentioning as an astounding fact, that the Pacha lately gave orders to Mr. Linant to make a survey of the Pyramids for the purpose of deciding which of those gigantic monuments should be demolished for the purposes of building forts and repairing bridges; and that they only escaped destruction because the engineer reported that it would be cheaper to get stone from the quarries. The account of a visit to Heliopolis is so brief that we can spare room for it:—

"After breakfast I mounted a donkey and rode to the site of the ancient Heliopolis, near the village of Matarea, about four miles from Cairo, on the borders of the rich land of Goshen. The geographer Strabo visited these ruins thirty years A.C., and describes them almost exactly as we see them now. A great temple of the sun once stood here. Herodotus and Plato studied philosophy in the schools of Heliopolis; 'a barbarous Persian overturned her temples—a fanatic Arabian burnt her books'; and a single obelisk, standing sixty-seven feet high, in a field ploughed and cultivated to its very base, stands, a melancholy monument of former greatness and eternal ruin."

Our traveller, having parted from his friends, now resolved to continue his voyage alone. For this purpose it was advisable, for the convenience of rowing and towing, to have a smaller boat:—

"During the time that I had passed in lounging about Cairo, I had repeatedly been down to Boulac in search of a boat for my intended voyage up the Nile; and going one Sunday to dine on the Island of Rhoda, I again rode along the bank of the river for the same purpose. We were crossing over one more than half sunk in the water, which I remarked to Paul [his Maltese servant] was about the right size; and while we stopped a moment, without the least idea that it could be made fit for use, an Arab came up and whispered to Paul that he could pump out the water in two hours, and had only sunk the boat to save it from the officers of the pacha, who would otherwise take it for the use of government. Upon this information, I struck a bargain for the boat, eight men, a rais, and a pilot. The officers of the pacha were on the bank looking out for boats, and, notwithstanding my Arab's ingenious contrivance, just when I had closed my agreement, they came on board and claimed possession. I refused to give up my right, and sent to the agent of the consul for an American flag. He could not give me an American, but sent me an English flag, and I did not hesitate to put myself under its protection. I hoisted it with my own hands, but the rascally Turks paid no regard to its broad folds. The majesty of England did not suffer, however, in my hands, and Paul and I spent more than an hour in running from one officer to another, before we could procure the necessary order for the release of the boat."

These anecdotes serve well to show the actual condition of the people under the government of Ibrahim Pacha.

Our traveller now started with a fair wind; but it soon shifted, and the ascent of the river was most tedious and laborious. Here are a few of the incidents of his dull journey:—

"The third day was again exceedingly cold, the wind still ahead, and stronger than yesterday. I was still in bed, looking through the many openings of my cabin, and the men were on shore towing, when I was roused by a loud voice of lamentation, in which the weeping and wailing of women predominated. I

stepped out, and saw on the bank of the river the dead body of an Arab, surrounded by men, women, and children, weeping and howling over it previous to burial. The body was covered with a wrapper of coarse linen cloth, drawn tight over the head and tied under the neck, and fastened between two parallel bars, intended as a barrow to carry it to its grave. It lay a little apart before the group of mourners, who sat on the bank above it, with their eyes turned towards it, weeping, and apparently talking to it. The women were the most conspicuous among the mourners."

A few days after we have another death and burial:—

"Early in the morning Paul called me to look out. We were lying in company with another boat, fast to a little island of sand nearly in the middle of the river. I got up exceedingly cold, and saw a dead man lying on the sand, his limbs drawn up and stiff. He was a boatman on board the other boat, and had died during the night. A group of Arabs was sitting near, making coffee, while two were preparing to wash the body previous to burial. They brought it down to the margin of the river and laid it carefully upon the sand, then washed it, pressed down the drawn-up legs, and wrapped it in fragments of tattered garments, contributed by his fellow-boatmen, who could ill spare even these scanty rags; and laying it with great decency a little way from the river, joined the other group, and sat down with great gravity to pipes and coffee. In a few moments two of them rose, and going a little apart, with their bare hands scratched a shallow grave, and the poor Arab was left on a little sand-bank in the Nile, to be covered in another season by the mighty river. He was an entire stranger, having come on board the evening before his boat set out from Cairo. In all probability, he was one of an immense mass which swarms in the crowded streets of Cairo, without friends, occupation, or settled means of living."

The wind still continued a-head; but the incidents became a little more exciting:—

"My own men were very obedient, but they could not control the wind. I had a written contract with my rais, drawn up by a Copt in Cairo, in pretty Arabic characters, and signed by both of us, although neither knew a word of its contents. The captain's manner of signing, I remember, was very primitive; he dipped the end of his finger in the ink, and pressed it on the paper, and in so doing seemed to consider that he had sold himself to me almost body and soul. 'I know I am obliged to go if Woweiga says so,' was his invariable answer; but though perfectly ready to go whenever there was a chance, it was easy enough to see that they were all quite as contented when there was none. \* I had not yet made much more than fifty miles, and the wind was still ahead, and blowing stronger than ever; indeed, it seemed as if this morning, for the first time, it had really commenced in earnest. I became desperate, and went ashore, resolved to wear it out. We were lying along the bank, on the Libyan side, in company with fifteen or twenty boats wind-bound like ourselves. It was near a little mud village, of which I forgot the name, and several Bedouin tents were on the bank, in one of which I was sitting smoking a pipe. The wind was blowing down with a fury I have never seen surpassed in a gale at sea, bringing with it the light sands of the desert, and at times covering the river with a thick cloud which prevented my seeing across it. A clearing up for a moment showed a boat of the largest class, heavily laden, and coming down with astonishing velocity; it was like the flight of an enormous bird. She was under bare poles, but small portions of the sail had got loose, and the Arabs were out on the very ends of the long spars getting them in. One of the boatmen, with a rope under his arm, had plunged into the river, and with strong swimming reached the bank, where a hundred men

ran to his assistance. Their united strength turned her bows around, up stream, but nothing could stop her; stern foremost, she dragged the whole posse of Arabs to the bank, and broke away from them perfectly ungovernable; whirling around, her bows pitched into our fleet with a loud crash, tore away several of the boats, and carrying one off, fast locked as in a death-grasp, she resumed her headlong course down the river. They had gone but a few rods, when the stranger pitched her bows under and went down in a moment, bearing her helpless companion also to the bottom. It was the most exciting incident I had seen upon the river. The violence of the wind, the swift movement of the boat, the crash, the wild figures of the Arabs on shore and on board, one in a red dress almost on the top of the long spar, his turban loose and streaming in the wind, all formed a novel and most animating scene. I need scarcely say that no lives were lost, for an Arab, on the bosom of his beloved river, is as safe as in his mud cabin."

At length, between towing and rowing, they contrive to crawl up as far as Minyeh. Our traveller's first inquiry was for a bath. As it was the season of the Ramadan a fire could not be lighted before eight o'clock: no sooner, however, had that hour arrived, than Turks and Arabs poured in in throngs.

"It was certainly not a very select company, nor over clean, and probably very few Europeans would have stood the thing as I did. My boatmen were all there. They were my servants said the rais, and were bound to follow me everywhere. As I was a Frank, and as such expected to pay ten times as much as any one else, I had the best place in the bath, at the head of the great reservoir of hot water. My white skin made me a marked object among the swarthy figures lying around me; and half a dozen of the operatives, lank, bony fellows, and perfectly naked, came up and claimed me. They settled it among themselves, however, and gave the preference to a dried-up old man, more than sixty, a perfect living skeleton, who had been more than forty years a scrubber in the bath. He took me through the first process of rubbing with the glove and brush; and having thrown over me a copious ablution of warm water, left me to recover at leisure. I lay on the marble that formed the border of the reservoir, only two or three inches above the surface of the water, into which I put my hand, and found it excessively hot; but the old man, satisfied with his exertion in rubbing me, sat on the edge of the reservoir, with his feet and legs hanging in the water, with every appearance of satisfaction. Presently he slid off into the water, and sinking up to his chin, remained so a moment, drew a long breath, and seemed to look around him with a feeling of comfort. I had hardly raised myself on my elbow to look at this phenomenon, before a fine brawny fellow, who had been lying for some time torpid by my side, rose slowly, slid off like a turtle, and continued sinking until he too had immersed himself up to his chin. I expressed to him my astonishment at his ability to endure such heat, but he told me that he was a boatman, had been ten days coming up from Cairo, and was almost frozen, and his only regret was that the water was not much hotter. He had hardly answered me before another and another followed, till all the dark naked figures around me had vanished. By the fitful glimmering of the little lamps, all that I could see was a parcel of shaved heads on the surface of the water, at rest or turning slowly and quietly as on pivots. Most of them seemed to be enjoying it with an air of quiet, dreamy satisfaction; but the man with whom I had spoken first, seemed to be carried beyond the bounds of Mussulman gravity. It operated upon him like a good dinner; it made him loquacious, and he urged me to come in, nay, he even became frolicsome; and, making a heavy surge, threw a large body of the water over the marble on which I was lying. I almost screamed, and started up as if melted lead had been poured upon me; even while standing up it seemed to blister the soles of my feet, and I was obliged to keep up a dancing movement, changing as fast as I could, to the astonishment of the dozing bathers, and the utter consternation of my would-be friend. Roused too much to relapse into the quiet luxury of perspiration, I went into another apartment, of a cooler temperature, where, after re-

maining in a bath of moderately warm water, I was wrapped up in hot cloths and towels, and conducted into the great chamber. Here I selected a couch, and throwing myself upon it, gave myself up to the operators, who now took charge of me, and well did they sustain the high reputation of a Turkish bath: my arms were gently laid upon my breast, where the knee of a powerful man pressed upon them; my joints were cracked and pulled—back, arms, the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, all visited in succession. I had been shampooed at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Cairo; but who would have thought of being carried to the seventh heaven at the little town of Minyeh? The men who had me in hand were perfect amateurs, enthusiasts, worthy of rubbing the hide of the sultan himself; and the pipe and coffee that followed were worthy too of that same mighty seigneur. The large room was dimly lighted, and turn which way I would, there was a naked body, apparently without a soul, lying torpid, and turned and tumbled at will by a couple of workmen. I had had some fears of the plague; and Paul, though he felt his fears gradually dispelled by the soothing process which he underwent also, to the last continued to keep particularly clear of touching any of them; but I left the bath a different man; all my moral as well as physical strength was roused. I no longer drooped or looked back; and though the wind was still blowing a hurricane in my teeth, I was bent upon Thebes and the Cataracts."

Of the strict observance of the Ramadan, he afterwards gives other proofs:—

"During the Ramadan, a period of thirty days, no good Mussulman eats, drinks, or smokes, from the rising to the setting of the sun. My men religiously observed this severe requisition of the Koran, although sometimes they were at work at the oar under a burning sun nearly all day. They could form a pretty shrewd conjecture as to the time of the setting of the sun, but nevertheless they fell into the habit of regulating themselves by my watch, and I did not think the Prophet would be particularly hard upon them, if I sometimes brought the day to a close half an hour or so before its time. Sometimes I was rather too liberal, but out of respect for me they considered the sun set when I told them it was; and it was interesting to see them regularly every evening, one after another, mount the upper deck, and, spreading out their cloaks, with their faces turned towards the tomb of the Prophet, kneel down and pray."

The wind now veered. "While there was nothing to see, (says the traveller,) I had a continuance of head-winds; but the moment I came to objects of interest it became favourable." Siout we pass. We must, however, pay a visit to the ancient tombs:—

"On the lofty mountains overlooking this richest valley of the Nile, and protecting it from the Libyan desert, is a long range of tombs, the burial place of the ancient Egyptians; and the traveller, looking for a moment at the little Mohammedan burying-ground, turns with wonder from the little city he has left, and asks, Where is the great city which had its graves in the sides of yonder mountains? Where are the people who despised the earth as a burial-place, and made for themselves tombs in the eternal granite?"

"The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footsteps of my little Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are but little visited by travellers; and though I afterward saw all that were in Egypt, I still consider these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered, the entrance-chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it on the same range were five or six others, of which the entrance-chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed; and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running back perhaps 150 feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere was so unwholesome,

that it was unpleasant, and perhaps unsafe, to explore them; if we went in far, there was always a loud rushing noise, and, as Paul suggested, their innermost recesses might now be the abode of wild beasts. Wishing to see what caused the noise, and at the same time to keep out of harm's way, we stationed ourselves near the back door of the entrance-chamber, and I fired my gun within; a stream of fire lighted up the darkness of the sepulchral chamber, and the report went grumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses, rousing their occupants to phrensy. There was a noise like the rushing of a strong wind; the light was dashed from Paul's hand; a soft skinny substance struck against my face; and thousands of bats, wild with fright, came whizzing forth from every part of the tomb to the only avenue of escape. We threw ourselves down and allowed the ugly frightened birds to pass over us, and then hurried out ourselves. For a moment I felt guilty; the beastly birds, driven to the light of day, were dazzled by the glorious sun, and, flying and whirling blindly about, were dashing themselves against the rocky side of the mountain and falling dead at its base. Cured of all wish to explore very deeply, but at the same time relieved from all fears, we continued going from tomb to tomb, looking at the pictures on the walls, endeavouring to make out the details, admiring the beauty and freshness of the colours, and speculating upon the mysterious hieroglyphics which mocked our feeble knowledge; we were in one of the last when we were startled by a noise different from any we had yet heard, and from the door leading to the dark recesses within, foaming, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, out ran an enormous wolf; close upon his heels, in hot pursuit, came another, and almost at the door of the tomb they grappled, fought, growled fearfully, rolled over, and again the first broke loose and fled; another chase along the side of the mountain, another grapple, a fierce and desperate struggle, and then they rolled over the side, and we lost sight of them. \* \* \* While walking along the edge of the mountain, in spite of bats and beasts, still taking another and another look, my ears were suddenly struck with a loud voice of lamentation coming up from the valley below; and looking in the direction of the city, I saw approaching over the elevated causeway a long funeral procession, and the voice came from the mourners following the corpse. They were evidently coming to the Mohammedan burying-ground at the foot of the mountain, and I immediately left the tombs of the ancient Egyptians to be the burial of one who but yesterday was a dweller in the land. \* \* \*

"It approached with funeral banners and devices which I could not make out, but probably containing some precept of the Koran. First in the strange procession came the beggars, or santons, men who are supposed to lead peculiarly pure and holy lives. Their beards were long, white, and grizzled; over their shoulders and breasts they wore a scanty covering of rags, fastened together with strings, and all with some regard to propriety. Over their shoulders were slung by ropes large jars of water, which, for charity's sweet sake, and for the love of the soul of the deceased, they carried to distribute gratis a this grave. After them came a parcel of boys, then the sheiks and two officers of the town, then the corpse, tightly wrapped from head to foot in a red sash, on a bier carried by four men; then a procession of men, and more than a hundred women in long cotton dresses, covering their heads and drawn over their faces, so as to hide all except their eyes. \* \* \*

"The tomb was square, with a round top, built of Nile mud, and whitewashed; two men were engaged in opening it, which was done simply by pulling away a few stones and scooping out the sand with their hands. In front, but a few feet from the door, sat the old mother, so old as to be hardly conscious of what was passing around her, and probably long before this buried in the same grave; near her was the widow of the deceased, dressed in silk, and sitting on the bare earth with an air of total abandonment; her hands, her breast, the top of her head and her face, plastered with thick coats of mud, and her eyes fixed upon the door of the tomb. A few stones remained to be rolled away, and the door, or rather the hole, was opened; the two men crawled in, remained a minute or two, came out, and went for the corpse. The poor widow followed them with her eyes, and



when they returned with the body, carefully and slowly dragging it within the tomb, and the feet and the body had disappeared, and the beloved head was about to be shut for ever from her eyes, she sprang up, and wildly and passionately throwing her arms towards the tomb, broke forth in a perfect phrensy of grief. 'Twenty years we have lived together; we have always lived happily; you loved me, you were kind to me, you gave me bread; what shall I do now? I will never marry again. Every day I will come and weep at your tomb, my love, my life, my soul, my heart, my eyes. Remember me to my father, remember me to my brother, &c. &c. I do not remember half she said: but as Paul translated it to me it seemed the very soul of pathos; and all this time she was walking distractedly before the door of the tomb, wringing her hands, and again and again plastering her face and breast with mud. The mourning women occasionally joined in chorus, the santons ostentatiously crying out, 'Water, for the love of God and the Prophet, and the soul of the deceased;' and a little girl about seven or eight years old was standing on the top of the tomb, naked as she was born, eating a piece of sugar-cane."

We pass the Temple of Dendera and the ruins of Thebes—Assouan and the deserted stone-quarries—the Cataracts, the Islands and their wonders. It is not for matter so much as manner that we like these volumes. The following account of a dinner party is far more original than the description of Philce or Elephantina:—

"As I intended going the next day up the Cataracts with my companions, and expected to spend the day on board their boat, I had asked them to dine with me in the evening. After giving the invitation, I held a council with Paul, who told me that the thing was impossible, and with a prudence worthy of Caleb Balderstone, expressed his wonder that I had not worked an invitation out of them. I told him, however, that the thing was settled, and dine with me they must. My house-keeping had never been very extravagant, and macaroni, rice, and fowl had been my standing dishes. Paul was pettacious in raising objections, but I told him peremptorily there was no escape; that he must buy a cow or a camel, if necessary, and left him scratching his head and pondering over the task before him.

"In the hurried business of the day, I had entirely forgotten Paul and his perplexities. Once only, I remember, with a commendable prudence, I tried to get my companions to expend some of their force upon dried dates and Nubian bread, which they as maliciously declined, that they might do justice to me. Returning now, at the end of nine hours' hard work, crossing rivers and rambling among ruins, the sharp exercise, and the grating of my teeth at the stubborn movements of my donkey, gave me an extraordinary voracity, and dinner, the all-important, never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, the delight alike of the ploughman and philosopher, dinner, with its uncertain goodness, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. My companions felt the vibrations of the same chord, and with an unnecessary degree of circumstance, talked of the effect of air and exercise in sharpening the appetite, and the glorious satisfaction after a day's work of sitting down to a good dinner. I had perfect confidence in Paul's zeal and ability, but I began to have some misgivings. I felt a hungry devil within me, that roared as if he would never be satisfied. I looked at my companions, and heard them talk, and as I followed their humour with an hysterical laugh, I thought the genius of famine was at my heels, in the shape of two hungry Englielmen. I trembled for Paul, but the first glimpse I caught of him reassured me. He sat with his arms folded, on the deck of the boat, coolly, though with an air of conscious importance, looking out for us. \* \* \* Reader, you have seen the countenance of a good man lighted up with the consciousness of having done a good action; even so was Paul's. I could read in his face a consciousness of having acted well his part. One might almost have dined on it. It said as plainly as face could speak, one, two, three, four, five courses and a dessert, or, as they say at the two-franc restaurants in Paris, *Quatre plats, une demi bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion.*

"In fact, the worthy butler of Ravenswood could

not have stood in the hall of his master in the days of its glory, before thunder-broke china and soured buttermilk, with more sober and conscious dignity than did Paul stand on the deck of my boat to receive us. A load was removed from my heart. I knew that my credit was saved, and I led the way with a proud step to my little cabin. Still I asked no questions and made no apologies. I simply told my companions we were in Paul's hand, and he would do with us as seemed to him good. Another board had been added to my table, and my towel had been washed and dried during the day, and now lay, clean and of a rather reddish white, doing the duty of a table-cloth. I noticed two tumblers, knives and forks, and plates, which were strangers to me, but I said nothing; we seated ourselves and waited, nor did we wait long; soon we saw Paul coming towards us, staggering under the weight of his burden, the savoury odour of which preceded him. He entered and laid before us an Irish stew. Reader, did you ever eat an Irish stew? Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget that paragon of dishes; how often in the desert, among the mountains of Sinai, in the Holy Land, rambling along the valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the shores of the Dead Sea, how often has that Irish stew risen before me to tease and tantalize me, and haunt me with the memory of departed joys! The potato is a vegetable that does not grow in Egypt. I had not tasted one for more than a month, and was almost startled out of my propriety at seeing them; but I held my peace, and was as solemn and dignified as Paul himself. Without much ceremony we threw ourselves with one accord upon the stew. \* \*

For my own part, as I did not know what was coming next, if anything, I felt loath to part with it. My companions were knowing ones, and seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and without any consultation all appeared to be approaching the same end, to wit, the end of the stew. With the empty dish before him, demonstrative to Paul that so far we were perfectly satisfied with what he had done, that worthy purveyor came forward with an increase of dignity, to change our plates. I now saw that something more was coming. I had suspected from the beginning that Paul was in the mutton line, and involuntarily murmured, 'this day a sheep has died;' and presently on came another cut of the murdered innocent, in cutlets, accompanied by fried potatoes. Then came boiled mutton and boiled potatoes, and then roast mutton and roast potatoes, and then came a macaroni paté. I thought this was going to damn the whole; until this I had considered the dinner as something extraordinary and recherché. But the macaroni, the thing of at least six days in the week, utterly disconcerted me. I tried to give Paul a wink to keep it back, but on he came; if he had followed with a chicken, I verily believe I should have thrown it at his head. But my friends were unflinching and uncompromising. They were determined to stand by Paul to the last, and we laid in the macaroni paté, with as much vigour as if we had not already eaten a sheep. Paul wound us up and packed us down with pancakes. I never knew a man that did not like pancakes, or who could not eat them even at the tail of a mighty dinner. And now, feeling that happy sensation of fullness which puts a man above kings, princes, or pachas, we lighted our long pipes and smoked. Our stomachs were full and our hearts were open. Talk of mutual sympathy, of congenial spirits, of similarity of tastes, and all that. 'Tis the dinner which unlocks the heart. \* \*

"And now, all dignity put aside and all restraint removed, and thinking my friends might have recognised acquaintances among the things at the table which were strangers to me, and thinking, too, that I stood on a pinnacle, and come what might I could not fall, I led the way in speculating upon the manner in which Paul had served us. The ice once broken, my friends solved many of the mysteries, by claiming this, that, and the other as part of their furniture and stores. In fact, they were going on most unscrupulously, making it somewhat doubtful whether I had furnished anything for my own dinner, and I called in Paul. But that functionary had no desire to be questioned; he hemmed, and hawed, and dodged about; but I told him to make a clean heart of it; and then it came out, but it was like drawing teeth, that he had been on a regular foraging expedition among their stores. The potatoes with which

he had made such a flourish were part of a very small stock furnished them by a friend, as a luxury not to be had on the Nile; and instead of the acknowledgments which I expected to receive on account of my dinner, my friends congratulated me rather ironically upon possessing such a treasure of a steward."

As his time was limited, our traveller now returned to Cairo. From thence he resolved to proceed to Mount Sinai, and, if possible, direct through the Desert to the Holy Land. In proof of the difficulties of this route, the traveller refers to the denunciations of Isaiah against the land of Idumea—"None shall pass through it for ever and ever"; and to the commentary of Keith, who says that none have so passed,—that Burckhardt made the nearest approach, but he merely skirted it. What Keith really says, we know not; but what he is here reported to have said, appears to us strangely absurd. It may be very true that no one who has published travels has passed through it, but if Keith, or our traveller, had inquired of the Sheikh of Akaba, he would have learned that the Arabs wander through it in every direction. This, however, has nothing to do with the denunciation, which meant, we imagine, that it should never again be the great highway of commerce. It happened, fortunately, that our traveller arrived at Cairo at the time when the caravan of pilgrims was about to start for Mecca.

"It consisted of more than 30,000 pilgrims, who had come from the shores of the Caspian, the extremities of Persia, and the confines of Africa; and having assembled, according to usage for hundreds of years, at Cairo as a central point, the whole mass was getting in motion for a pilgrimage of fifty days, through dreary sands, to the tomb of the Prophet. Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult, and confusion, the strifes and battles of these pilgrim-travellers. If I had met them in the desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain, 30,000 people, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries, men, women, and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert. \* \*

"The object of universal interest was the great box containing the presents and decorations for the tomb of the Prophet. The camel which bears this sacred burden is adorned with banners and rich housings, is watched and tended with pious care, and when his journey is ended, no meaner load can touch his back; he has filled the measure of a camel's glory, and lives and dies respected by all good Mussulmans."

Having now changed his dress for that of a merchant, our author started, with camels and dromedaries, and three young Bedouins as guides, to cross the Desert from Cairo to Suez. The only object a stranger would notice on the whole route, he observes, was a large palm-tree standing alone, about half-way across—the only living thing on that expanse of barrenness.

Since the proposed route to India by the Red Sea has been talked of, the public have heard so much of Suez, that they may be glad to have a brief account of the place.

"Even among the miserable cities of Turkey and Egypt, few present so wretched an appearance as Suez. Standing on the borders of the desert, and on the shore of the sea, with bad and unwholesome water, not a blade of grass growing around it, and dependent upon Cairo for the food that supports its inhabitants, it sustains a poor existence by the trade of the great caravan for Mecca, and the small com-

merce between the ports of Cosseir, Djiddeh, and Mocha. The route to India by the Red Sea is in the full tide of successful experiment; the English flag is often seen waving in the harbour; and about once in two months an English steamer arrives from Bombay; but even the clatter of a steamboat is unable to infuse life into its sluggish population.

"The gate was open, a single soldier was lying on a mat basking in the sun, his musket gleaming brightly by his side, and a single cannon projected over the wall, frowning with Tom Thumb greatness upon the stranger entering the city."

But we must hurry on.

"Our road now lay between wild and rugged mountains, and the valley itself was stony, broken, and gullied by the washing of the winter torrents; and a few straggling thorn-bushes were all that grew in that region of desolation. I had remarked for some time, and every moment impressed it more and more forcibly upon my mind, that everything around me seemed old and in decay: the valley was barren and devastated by torrents; the rocks were rent; the mountains cracked, broken, and crumbling into thousands of pieces."

"At every step the scene became more solemn and impressive; all was still around us; and not a sound broke the universal silence, except the soft tread of our camels, and now and then the voice of one of us—but there was little encouragement to garrulity. The mountains became more and more striking, venerable, and interesting. Not a shrub or blade of grass grew on their naked sides, deformed with gnaws and fissures; and they looked as if by a slight jar or shake they would crumble into millions of pieces."

"For two days we had been suffering for want of water. The skins with which I had been provided by the consul's janizary at Cairo were so new that they contaminated the water; and it had at last become so bad, that, fearful of injurious effects from drinking it, and preferring the evil of thirst to that of sickness, I had poured it all out upon the sand. Toualeb had told me that some time during the day we should come to a fountain, but the evening was drawing nigh and we had not reached it."

"When, after travelling an hour aside from the main track, through an opening in the mountains, we saw a single palm-tree shading a fountain, our progress was gradually accelerated, until, as we approached, we broke into a run, and dashing through the sand, and without much respect of persons, all threw ourselves upon the fountain."

"We continued about an hour in the valley, rising gently until we found ourselves on the top of a little eminence, from which we saw before us another valley, bounded also by high rocky cliffs; and directly in front, still more than a day's journey distant, standing directly across the road, and, as has been forcibly and truly said, 'looking like the end of the world,' stood the towering mountains of Sinai."

Here they encamped for the night. As our traveller spent some time among the wild sons of Ishmael, we may select a few characteristic traits, brought out in the progress of their journeyings.

"Wild and unsettled, robbers and plunderers as they are, they have laws which are as sacred as our own; and the tent, and the garden, and the little pasture-ground, are transmitted from father to son for centuries."

"Not far from the track we saw, hanging on a thorn-bush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and everything necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months; the owner had gone to a new pasture-ground, and there it had hung, and there it would hang, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. 'It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hand that touches it,' is the feeling of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same way, and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not."

From one of his young Bedouin guides, our traveller learned some particulars of their laws and customs.

"I remember he told me that all the sons shared equally; that the daughters took nothing; that the

children lived together; that if any of the brothers got married, the property must be divided; that if any difficulty arose on the division, the man who worked the place for a share of the profits must divide it; and, lastly, that the sisters must remain with the brothers until they (the sisters) are married. I asked him, if the brothers did not choose to keep a sister with them, what became of her; but he did not understand me. I repeated the question, but still he did not comprehend it, and looked to his companions for an explanation. And when, at last, the meaning of my question became apparent to his mind, he answered, with a look of wonder, 'It is impossible—she is his own blood.' I pressed my question again and again in various forms, suggesting the possibility that the brother's wife might dislike the sister, and other very supposable cases; but it was so strange an idea, that to the last he did not fully comprehend it, and his answer was still the same—'It is impossible—she is his own blood.'"

"I asked him who governed them; he stretched himself up and answered in one word, 'God.' I asked him if they paid tribute to the pacha; and his answer was, 'No, we take tribute from him.' I asked him how. 'We plunder his caravans.'"

But we must push on for the mountain.

"The whole day we were moving between parallel ranges of mountains, receding in some places, and then again contracting, and at about mid-day entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous granite rocks more than 1000 feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile, moving for a time along the dry bed of a torrent, now obstructed with sand and stones, the rocks on every side shivered and torn, and the whole scene wild to sublimity. Our camels stumbled among the rocky fragments to such a degree that we dismounted, and passed through the wild defile on foot. At the other end we came suddenly upon a plain table of ground, and before us towered in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us and barring all farther progress, the end of my pilgrimage, the holy mountain of Sinai."

Having arrived at the Convent, he was heartily welcomed, and most kindly entertained by the monks. We must now allow the traveller to continue his own narrative:—

"Immediately after breakfast I rose to ascend the mountain. The superior conducted me through the convent, which, even more than at night, seemed like a small city, through long galleries built of stone, with iron doors, and finally through a long subterranean passage to the outer garden, a beautiful spot in the midst of the surrounding barrenness, now blooming with almonds and oranges, lemons, dates, and apricots, and shaded by arbours of grape-vines to the extreme end of the walls. At this moment I gave but a passing glance at the garden, and hurrying on to the walls, where a trusty Arab was sitting as sentinel, I descended by a rope, the superior, or papa, as he is called, bidding me farewell, and telling me not to fatigue myself or be long away."

"Immediately behind the wall of the convent we began to ascend. A Bedouin dwarf, the first specimen of deformity I had seen among the Arabs, led the way, with a leather bag of refreshments on his back. Sophronie, an old monk, followed, with long white hair and beard, supporting himself by a staff; after him came a young novice from Corfu, who spoke Italian, and then Paul and myself. For some time the ascent was easy. Ever since the establishment of the convent, it had been the business of the monks to improve the path to the top of the mountain; and for about twenty minutes we continued ascending by regular steps. In half an hour we came to a beautiful fountain under an overhanging rock."

Continuing the ascent, passing a little chapel, and a defile of precipitous rocks, they—

"Soon after, entered a large open space, forming a valley surrounded on all sides by mountains; and on the left, high above the others, rose the lofty peak of Sinai. It is this part of the mountain which bears the sacred name of Horeb. In the centre, enclosed by a stone fence, is a tall cypress, the only tree on the mountain, planted by the monks more than a hundred years ago. Near it is a fountain, called the fountain of Elias, which the prophet dug

with his own hands when he lived in the mountain, before he was ordered by the Lord to Jerusalem."

Some little distance yet further, and he stood on the very peak of Sinai.

"And among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it 'a perfect sea of desolation.' Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive."

"The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath his favoured servant received the tables of the law."

"The ruins of a church and convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also, in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohammed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where, in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchorite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation, and prayer."

Here we pause for the present.

*Chapters on Early English Literature.* By J. H. Hippisley, Esq., M.A. Moxon.

THE laudable design of the writer of this little work has been, to afford to the student a compendious history of English literature, from the period of the first formation of our language to the time of Shakespeare. In the prosecution of his task, Mr. Hippisley has spared no pains in collecting materials from those authors who have treated the subject critically and at length, and he has woven them together into a very pleasant volume. Beginning with a review of the causes which led to the transition of the Saxon into English, he traces the progress of English poetry to the times of Gower and Chaucer, and then proceeds to give a short review of the various compositions, prose as well as poetical, from that period to the age of Shakespeare.

In the first part of his work Mr. Hippisley passes over his subject rather too rapidly, paying little attention to the early metrical romances, which, destitute as many of them are of poetical merit, are yet valuable as affording specimens of the progressive advancement of our language. In placing the metrical chronicle of Robert of Gloucester first on the list of English compositions now extant, our author errs; since the 'Geste of Kyng Horn,' 'Havelok,' 'Merlin,' and most probably 'Richard Coeur de Lion,' are anterior to it, besides many smaller compositions. Indeed, that the English language had superseded the Saxon, among the middle and lower classes, before the middle of the thirteenth century, is proved by that scoffing ballad made in ridicule of Richard King of the Romans, previously to the battle of Lewes, although more than a century was to elapse ere, among the higher orders, it was to supersede the courtly Norman French.

We wish that Mr. Hippisley, instead of extracting from Chaucer alone, had given a few extracts from those authors whose works are



less easy of access. Robert of Gloucester, for instance, whose topographical description of England, which he characterizes with such hearty feeling as the "Wel gode lond, ich ween of eche lond best," and which is such a curious record of the statistics of the thirteenth century; and Robert Manynges, or Le Brunne, whose 'Handlyng of Synne,' although a translation, yet gives so many curious traits of the manners and feelings of the times. This work is not, however, as Mr. Hippius states, a translation from a French work of Bishop Grosstete, but is from the 'Manuel des Pechees,' of William Waddington—a work of merit, in which will be found some legends of singular beauty and pathos. Richard Rolle, the hermit of Hampole, is deserving of a fuller notice than the mere passing mention of his name and works, since his versification is remarkably flowing, and, in some of his descriptions, he seems to have cast off the trammels of the mere copyist, and to have attained to some degree of originality. Adam Davie and Lawrence Minot can be viewed, we think, in no other light than that of dull versifiers. And thus, to all those writers who have studied the history of our literature, unconscious even of the existence of a large class of poets who were English by birth, and in thought, and feeling, though they spoke not her language, the era of Gower and Chaucer has seemed like a bright day unheralded by either twilight or dawn; and they have racked their imaginations to account for the singular fact, that English poetical genius, after a slumber of centuries, should have produced so abundant a harvest. It is, indeed, owing to the circumstance of the productions of the Anglo-Norman Trouvères having been altogether overlooked, that Gower and Chaucer, but more especially the latter, have been considered as the first Englishmen who, on the score of originality, can bear the name of poet, and successive writers on this subject, comparing the homely rhymes of Robert of Gloucester, and the rude diction of some of the translations from the French romances, have marvelled at the wide difference, and asked, can we deem such writers the poet fathers of Gower and Chaucer? Surely not; for these earlier versifiers wrote, as they declare, "not for the leird, but for the lewed," and their task was merely to supply to the populace a rude version of that tale, or chronicle, of which the original was written in choice Norman French, for the "solace and delectyng" of the high-born;† and it is among the Anglo-Norman Trouvères that we must look for the genuine precursors of Gower and Chaucer.

Mr. Hippius gives but slight praise to Gower, and, in order to place Chaucer yet higher, rather unfairly thrusts his ancient rival into the shade. Although prolix, and in parts extremely prosing, (though a work consisting of 30,000 lines could scarcely be otherwise,) the 'Confessio Amantis' possesses merit; and specimens might have been given which, for gracefulness and easy flow of versification, are only inferior to those selected from Chaucer. But the great praise of the last-mentioned poet is his inexhaustible variety of character—"each scene of many-coloured life" finds a place in his pages, as in Shakespeare's. The following is a very fair estimate of his writings:—

"If we would converse with our own ancestors, and enter into their humours and habits, we must repair to Chaucer himself, not to his translators or

imitators. No age is so variously or so minutely depicted in any author, either in prose or rhyme, as that of Edward the Third, and his successor, in the works of Chaucer. In the orations of Thucydides, or of Demosthenes, we have the Knights of Athens; in the comedies of Aristophanes, their opponents the Churls; in the Latinized versions of Menander, and others, given us by Terence and Plautus, the follies and vices of the middle class of the gentry; in the 'Characters' of Theophrastus, mixed up with much general satire, we have many traits of manners peculiarly Athenian; in Ben Jonson, every possible variety of the blackguard of his day; in Chaucer, combining his earlier and more serious, with his later and satirical, works, we have all these from the hand of the same master. As portraying the habits, and as participating in the sentiments of the middle classes of his day, Chaucer affords a marked contrast to his contemporary, Froissart. Froissart, throughout his whole life, wrote only for princes. In his poems and romances he treats of the favourite courtly topic, the all-engrossing subject, of love. In his Chronicles, as in the Iliad, we have but a variety of the Knight; and that, rather the hero of poetical chivalry, than the true historical Knight of Chaucer. In his sentiments he is true to the old heroic and feudal principle expressed by Horace, when speaking of the Iliad; and he accounts the blood of churls as of no value, when weighed in the scale with the honour of knighthood. In Chaucer we find depicted the rural dwelling of the Reve, and the lonely cottage, of the 'poure widow,' who is described as a 'maner dey,' the lowest class of labourers: 'ful sooty was hire hall, and eke hire bower.' But Froissart never condescends to smoky rafters; he dwells always in the tapestried halls of princes, and delights to describe their unlimited power and their costly magnificence. • •

"In all the sterling and substantial qualities of a true poet, he may well bear a comparison with the master-spirits of all ages. The vigorous yet finished painting—both of scenes and characters, serious as well as ludicrous—with which his works abound, are still, notwithstanding the roughness of their clothing, beauties of a highly poetical nature. The ear may not always be satisfied, but the mind of the reader is always filled; and even the roughness of his verse, which may offend some readers, is in many instances—at least in the case of his earlier poems—rather to be attributed to the errors of transcribers (that mis-writing and 'mis-meeting' against which he warns his copyists) than to his own negligence."

Passing on to the prose writers of the fourteenth century, we are pleased to see Mr. Hippius vindicating our venerable and earliest English writer of travels, Mandeville, from the censures which have been so unsparringly heaped upon him:—

"Were we to confine our attention to the marvellous and incredible portions of Mandeville's work, we should entertain a partial and unjust view of his character. Considered merely as an agreeable fabulist, and as mainly influencing the poetic fictions of his age, he is an author not altogether devoid of interest; it may be said of him that his

Stories to rede ar delectabill,  
Suppose that thai he nocht bot fabill.

But besides that he is our earliest prose author of any consideration, and our very first narrator of travels, the credible facts related in his work are alone sufficient to render it worthy of attention.

"The journey from Constantinople to Jerusalem, the locality of the holy city itself, and the proceedings of the pilgrims, when arrived at their destination, are all minutely related by the traveller. To give instruction to pilgrims was, indeed, as he explains at length in his prologue, the principal and immediate object of his work, which was written 'specially for hem, that wyll and are in purpos for to visite the Holy Citee of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are thereabout.' The account also which Mandeville has given us of the court of the Great Khan, in whose armies he and his fellow-travellers served fifteen months, may be regarded as one of those portions of his work which are divested of the marvellous and incredible. In short, there does not appear in the author any deliberate intention to deceive; the extravagant marvels which he relates, on

the authority of others, he either implicitly believes, or qualifies his assertions with the *ὅς τις λέγουσι* of Herodotus, 'men seyn': what he relates on his own authority, and as an eye-witness, may generally be received as credible."

The progress of poetry during the fifteenth century presents little to interest the reader; Lydgate and Occleve are mere versifiers; but in the prose writers of this period we find a manifest improvement; and the Paston Letters prove that a taste for general information and literature, even during the stormy period of the wars of the rival roses, prevailed, not merely in the schools of learning, but even in the halls of our country gentlemen. The work concludes with a view of English literature in the age of Shakespeare, and we must do so with two extracts, giving our readers two curious pictures of what theatres were in those days, when theatres royal were not:—

"During the whole of the fifteenth century, (perhaps the most barren period in the annals of our literature) the mysteries, the basis of which consisted in a pantomimic representation of Scripture subjects; and the moralities, which generally united those subjects with moral personifications, continued to be the only scenic performances. The mysteries were most frequently represented in large trading towns, such as Coventry, Chester, or York, whither a concourse of spectators was brought together by the occasion of a fair; and the trading companies of those cities, finding that the attraction of dramatic amusements swelled the number of their customers, took upon themselves the management of the exhibitions, and performed the part of actors. At Chester, 'Every company had his pagiante, or parte, which pagiantes were a highe scaffold with two rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon 4 wheeles. In the lower they appalled themselves; in the higher rowme they played, being all open to the tope, that all beholders might here and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They began first at the Abay gates, and when the pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the High Cross, before the mayor, and so to every streete; and so every streete had a pagiante playing before them, till all the pagiantes for the day appointed were played; and when one pagiante was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they might come in place thereof exceeding orderlye; and all the streetes had their pagiante afore them, all at one time, playing together; to se which playes was great resort; and also scaffolds and stages made in the streetes, in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes.' • •

"The principal theatres in the age of Shakespeare, and those in which his own plays were most frequently represented, were that at Blackfriars, and the Globe on the Bankside, in Southwark. The latter was open to the sky, and therefore used only in summer; and it differed also from the Blackfriars theatre in being larger and more public to all classes. It does not appear that any theatre was ever honoured by the presence of royalty, and probably not by the higher ranks of the nobility. Masques were the favourite theatrical diversions of the court, and other dramas were acted, either in the palace, or in the mansions of the higher class of nobility, by private companies of retainers, regularly licensed for that purpose; the theatres were, however, the usual resort of the upper ranks of the gentry. Decker, in his Gull's Horn-Book, one of the most curious records of the manners of this age, gives the following advice to the gallant, or aspiring man of fashion, as to the choice of a seat in the playhouse:—

"Whither, therefore, the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage;—I mean, not in the lord's room, which is now but the stage's suburbs,—no; those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women, and gentlemen ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is damned by being smothered to death in darkness; but on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, and under the state of Cum-

† The reader will find some curious instances of the alterations and adaptations made by these versifiers to fit the story to the taste of the common, by comparing the English version of 'Havelok' with its Norman French original; and as other romances shall continue to be published in their original language, we shall, we think, find that the coarseness of expression which the early English romances so often exhibit, belong solely to them, and are the consequence of the translation having been made by uneducated men, and for "lorel folke."

byses himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently beating down the opposed rascality.

"For do but cast up a reckoning:—what large comings-in are pursued up by sitting on the stage? First, a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means the best and most essential parts of a gallant, good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed."

To the literary student—to any one, indeed, desirous of being informed as to the moral and intellectual progress of society—who has not leisure to consult more critical and voluminous writers, we recommend this modest little volume.

*Eloge upon Baron G. Dupuytren, &c. &c.* By E. Pariset, &c. &c.; translated, with Notes, by J. I. Ikin. Churchill.

ON the death of this distinguished man, we were enabled (*Athenæum*, No. 381, p. 130.) in a brief obituary notice to sum up the few leading incidents of his life; which, indeed, after the early years of his childhood, appears rather to have been a life of scientific discovery and professional advancement, consequent upon first-rate skill and assiduity, than of vicissitude and adventure. These facts are pleasantly dwelt upon in M. Pariset's *Eloge*, which was read at the annual meeting of the Parisian Royal Academy of Medicine, on the 6th of August 1836. It contains a new anecdote or two also: for instance, we are told, that in M. Dupuytren's young days, shortly after he had been elected "Prosecteur" in M. Fourcroy's School of Medicine, he was living in a lodging, suffering all the rigours of poverty, when he received a visit from one of whom the world of late days has heard more than enough.

"This man was St. Simon: he hears of Dupuytren, who is a disciple he wishes to convert. He visits him at his lodgings, and finds the young prosecteur shivering with cold, and hard at work in his bed; apologizing for his intrusion, he commenced to hold forth his doctrines, and develop them with his usual energy, flatters himself that Dupuytren will become one of his ardent supporters, and then retires, contriving to conceal under the counterpane 200 francs, in order to enable him to provide against the cold: the sum was a small one to St. Simon, but considered a large one by Dupuytren. What mistake is this! cried Dupuytren, as soon as he sees the money; and immediately dressing, runs after St. Simon, returns the money, blaming him for his carelessness."

To trace out Baron Dupuytren's professional career, to illustrate his eminent skill as an operator, would lead into matters which are hardly within our sphere. M. Pariset has done this compendiously and satisfactorily, making allowance for a few flourishes of French enthusiasm. Mr. Ikin has been careful in his translation, and added many illustrative notes; in these, however, he is sometimes at variance with his original, whose office, in some measure, enjoined partiality and panegyric. Mr. Ikin tells us (on the authority of a writer in the *Lancet*) that the great French surgeon was occasionally as eccentric and uncouth, and even unamiable in his behaviour, as our own Abernethy.

"Dupuytren was a man of middle stature; brown complexion and strong make. In his youth he must have been extremely handsome. Those who possessed the personal acquaintance of both, must have seen some resemblance between Dupuytren and the Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin. The striking magnificence of forehead, expressive of intelligence of the highest order, and the small dark piercing eye, which distinguished the one, had their rival in the other; that eye, oftentimes twinkling with playful malice in the one, and the other darting those stern annihilating glances which rendered the presence of the great surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu so imposing, and frequently so oppressive, to those that

fell beneath his scrutiny. 'His eye,' says a French author, 'was enough to terrify a Corsair.' But it was to the peculiar expression of his mouth that the physiognomy of Dupuytren owed its characteristic cynicism and appearance of universal distrust. Viewing the upper part of his face, and particularly his broad fair forehead, covered by a thin white *cheve-leure*, the figure was that of a man imbued with feelings of benevolence, and accustomed to exert the most untiring patience. But soon would the impression be destroyed by a sudden curl of the lip, an almost imperceptible compression of the mouth, a fastidious though polite shrug of the shoulders—tokens of mental storm within—which, with calm exterior, he was disdainful to show, refusing to let his fellows become witnesses of, any one feeling that governed him. Without the appearance of avoiding society, though present at all the learned meetings of the French capital, at the Faculty, at the Court, at the reunions of private life, Dupuytren was, intellectually speaking, a perfect anchorite. Admired by all, the friend (perhaps) of a few distinguished men, there was not one who could say, 'I know him.'

"The dress which Dupuytren invariably wore was very peculiar. At the Institute or the Faculty, in town or at the Court, in summer and in winter, he was always clothed in a little round-cut green body-coat, to which, when he visited the hospital, was added a small green cloth cap, of a cut altogether original. Those who have at any time followed his clinique, at the Hôtel-Dieu, will remember the slow, the almost jesuitic pace, with which he entered the amphitheatre; the brim of his green casquette turned from his forehead, the white apron in front, his right hand thrust into the bosom of his coat, and his left constantly applied to his mouth; for, no matter in what society he found himself, whether in public or in private, at the hospital or presiding at a concours at the Faculty, Dupuytren had a habit of constantly gnawing the nails of his left thumb and index finger, like one who suffers from some intense bodily or mental pain. When seated in the professor's chair, he never addressed himself to more than a fraction of the audience; his back was turned upon at least three-fourths of the assembly; and he commenced with a low and indistinct muttering, which afforded little indication of the splendid and, on many occasions, truly eloquent discourse that was to follow."

His temper seems to have given way, of later years, and to have become discontented, irritable, and contemptuous: this was largely owing to a severe domestic affliction; but "he preserved his intellectual faculties to the last, and never ceased for a moment to give proof of the possession of that well-tempered courage, and disregard of death, which were to be expected in a man of his character and disposition under almost every possible variety of circumstance. He continued his consultations until within a few days of his death; and, the evening before the occurrence of the fatal event, he made his domestic read 'the paper' as usual, 'that he might carry the freshest news out of the world,' (*Afin de porter là haut des nouvelles de ce monde*)."

*A Selection from the Poems of His Majesty Louis the First, King of Bavaria, imitated in English Verse.* By George Everill. Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS slight volume may not, intrinsically, possess sufficient merit to entitle it to the honours of strict criticism, but the position of its author gives it an interest, and makes it a peg whereon may be hung some reminiscences of the past—some speculations which reach towards the future. The private tastes and pursuits of kings and queens are not often brought home to the middle classes in a form so familiar and tangible as a printed book: we suspect that some relics of that childish superstition with which (in sturdy defiance of the nursery dithyrambic telling of Royalty in the garden and the pantry) we used to picture to ourselves those august personages, as sitting on thrones all day long, crowned with jewels and robed in velvet and ermine, grows

up with not a few of us; and thus any evidence actually obliging us to admit that they are—

—made like other creatures  
To share their sports and pleasures,

excites in us a certain curiosity and interest disproportionate to its value. Such at least was our case in turning over the pages of good King Louis of Bavaria's poems; and, as the latter are more largely devoted to the triumphs of art than those of arms, it will not, perhaps, be thought an *à propos de bottles*, that our fancy, taking wing, began to run over the chapter of royal accomplishment. As we dreamed, a line of stately phantoms swept in motley procession before the half-closed eye, beginning with those patriarchal times in which genius and intellect irresistibly up-bore their possessors to mastery and empire over their weaker fellow-men, when it was required of the monarch to be the fountain of learning as well as the fountain of honour. With the spread of civilization that necessity has ceased; but as the spirit of which the arts and sciences are children is, like the air and the sunshine, common to all classes, there will still be poet kings and queens: and the question next arises, how shall they now prove themselves such? Not, we think, by the exhibition of creative, but appreciative power:—not by pouring out verses, like Frederic of Prussia,—"dirty linen" for dependent Voltaires to wash,—not by permitting themselves to be surprised while playing on the virginals, or dancing "high and disposedly" for the purpose of entrapping the flatteries of enchanted ambassadors, like Queen Bess of merry memory,—not by chasing science and learning from university to university, wearing the while an epicene attire, like Christina of Sweden,—not by sprigging and flouncing holiday-petticoats for the Virgin, like Ferdinand of Spain,—but by gathering round them with a benevolent sympathy, and encouraging with a wise patronage, the philosopher and man of science, the poet, the musician, the mime, nay even the embroiderer, each according to his degree. From the peculiarities of their position and education they can hardly be expected to write poems; but they act poetically whenever they smooth a way for their people to healthy and ennobling recreations,—whenever they lend aid to art, not at the instance of fashion or favouritism, but on sound principles of truth and taste. As an instance, the excellent monarch whose book comes to us for review, was a thousand times more poetical when he set Overbeck, and Cornelius, and Schwanthaler to work for the classic beautification of his capital, when he charged Von Klenze to build him a palace which should be worthy in the eyes of posterity as well as accordant with his own fancies, than when writing the best among the amiable but feeble verses before us, so nicely translated by Mr. Everill. Our reverie, whereof these remarks are the fruit, may not be altogether without its significance at the present moment. The paragraph-mongers of the daily press are speaking largely of the accomplishments of our fair young sovereign: may she prove their praise true in the best sense of the word—may her name be famous in the records of future days, not by her own verses, or musical performances, or tapestries, or sketches, but by the great spirits drawn around her—by the noble works achieved at her instance, and rewarded by such honours as lie reasonably in her gift.

*Voyage of a Naturalist to Hayti* [*Naturhistorische Reise, &c.*] By Karl Ritter. Stuttgart. London, Richter.

IT was in February, 1820, that Karl Ritter sallied forth on an expedition to Hayti, to cull simples, stuff alligators, gather shells and other curiosities for the imperial cabinet at Vienna, at the expense of the Emperor of Austria. How



long he remained there we know not; but, on opening his slender volume, published in 1836, we were grievously disappointed to find that it offered little information that was not completely out of date; that it not only did not contain what we desired, but not even what we had a right to expect. We have information respecting Hayti, more recent, full, and authentic, than Ritter's. But the best accounts of that island all take a polemic colour, from entering into the discussion of the question of slavery; and paint negro society invariably with an oblique object in view. Our Austrian naturalist, on the other hand, is frank and candid, and apparently in happy ignorance that such a question as that of negro slavery was ever agitated: let us, therefore, just endeavour to collect from his pages what were his sentiments with regard to negro freemen fifteen years ago.

Karl Ritter embarked at Trieste, on the 5th February, 1820, in the good ship *Esches* [Essex?]. Captain John Smard [Smart?]; and, as might be expected from a thorough bred landsman, experienced sundry tempests and hurricanes before he passed the straits of Gibraltar. In the Atlantic, the good ship was completely dismayed by a squall, and, to our author, all seemed lost; but the Captain gruffly observing that if the masts had not gone overboard, the ship must have gone to the bottom, quickly righted the waterlogged hopes of his passengers, and the masts were soon replaced. The most important occurrence of the voyage is thus related by Ritter:

On the 5th April there happened a very remarkable event. The weather was fine, the sky clear. A gentle trade wind filled our sails, when on a sudden there arose in the east a cloud, which in the course of fifteen minutes, without thunder or lightning, or any other meteoric phenomena besides a smart shower of rain, passed on from east to west, over our ship. All at once there fell a stone, as big as a pullet's egg, on the deck, close by the pump. We were all standing under the awning, heard the fall, hastened to the spot, and, to our surprise, found the fragments of a moist, very brittle stone, of which the Captain took a piece for the London [British?] Museum. I gathered up some bits also. The ship was at the time in latitude 20° 10' N. and long. 51° 50' W. The nearest land was the Antilles. The phenomenon took place at eleven in the morning, and did not last five minutes. In consequence of a letter which I received at Hayti from the director of the imperial cabinet of Natural History at Vienna, I had a formal attestation of this fact drawn up and signed by our captain.

From the examination of this stone, after my return to Vienna, it appeared that it wanted altogether the peculiarities of meteoric stones, not having the crust with which they are usually covered. Hence one would be led to infer that this stone had found its way into the ship in some other manner. But those acquainted with the cleanliness of English ships, every hole and corner of which are daily scrubbed, and many parts of them even brushed with oil or thin paint, will acknowledge the inadmissibility of this supposition. It is, however, my intention to relate and to maintain only that of which I had the evidence of my own senses. Much takes place in nature which is incomprehensible at the time.

Certainly it does not require much chemical analysis to discover whether a broken stone has a crust or not, and without a chemical analysis, of which M. Ritter says nothing, we hold all opinions respecting the nature of the stone to be futile, and of no avail against the fact of its having fallen from above. It appears to us that there is little room to doubt that *aérolites*, or meteoric stones, are actually formed in our atmosphere, and, consequently, that the proximity of land is not at all necessary to explain their occurrence, nor is it a whit more wonderful that they should fall in the Atlantic than in the midst of a continent.

On approaching the harbour of Cape Haytien,

the capital of the northern division of the island, at that time ruled by Christophe, a wretched little boat ten or twelve feet long, and rowed by four negro children, three boys and a girl, came off with the Mulatto pilot. Our author, on landing, was hurried to the office of the Secretary of State, Baron Dupuy, who proved to be a little Mestizo, of good manners; but the dignity which he struggled to maintain, his old-fashioned green uniform, covered all over with embroidery and gold lace, his powdered head, and regimental top-knot, appeared droll enough in the eyes of the German. The latter was, in his turn, the object of many comical remarks, as he endeavoured to make his way through the streets; but the black mob usually finished their examination of him with the exclamation "Just like ourselves."

He had brought some boxes of natural curiosities from Vienna as a present to Christophe, with the view of propitiating the latter, and of more effectually securing his permission to examine the natural history of the island. These boxes he delivered at the palace, and arranged their contents, aided by a host of the king's footmen, who looked, he says, exactly like cooks in Europe. He caught a glimpse, at the same time, of two black women on a balcony of the palace, who turned out to be princesses. But the further honour of their glances was the only favour he received from the royal family. He was not permitted to travel over the interior of the island: such a liberty, he was told, could not be granted to a white man. He was, in fact, regarded with the utmost suspicion, and all his movements were closely watched; Christophe, however, willing to repay the attentions of his cousin of Austria, gave orders that objects of natural history should be sent to Ritter, and so our zealous naturalist was overwhelmed with bruised and withered flowers, birds with their wings clipped, fish dried and salted, and other monstrosities inadmissible in a cabinet. All who have a soul for nick-nacks must be aware how critical is the spirit of a collector thwarted in his enjoyment. Not to be allowed to roam at large, and examine nature, was a vexation of the negative kind, but to be obliged to arrange the gatherings of Christophe's black myrmidons, was a positive indignity. Nor was this our author's only grievance: he was cut to the quick when, as often as he wandered to the barriers of the town, he was saluted by the black sentinels, with "tournez, blanc," go back, white!

From this disagreeable restraint he was at last relieved, by the kindness of Marshal Stuart, an English physician, and the head of Christophe's medical staff. The English merchants, it appears, had been allowed a country house, entitled "*Habitation Étrangère*," at a little distance from Cape Town, for their Sunday excursions. Thither was our botanist transplanted, and, being forgotten by the authorities when out of sight, he contrived to ramble about the neighbourhood without interruption.

As far as concerns life and manners in the town, he observes, I find the discipline very strict, the police well regulated, religious observances carefully attended to, trade and commerce flourishing, though the share in them allowed to the whites is very limited. There reigns as much good order there as in European towns.

Of the natural appearance of the country, Ritter says less than might be expected from a naturalist. But we are not loath to dispense with descriptions of bananas having leaves ten feet long, of groves of mangoes and cocoa nuts, inhabited by screaming multitudes of the feathered tribes, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow: our business is rather with the moral and political state of the island under its black masters. As our author was there during the

last revolution, which terminated with the death of Christophe, whose character he seems to have scanned with care, we shall extract his biographical sketch of that extraordinary personage.

Henri Christophe, born the 6th October, 1767, in the little West Indian island of Grenada, of free but poor parents, was, in his eleventh year, given by his father to a French captain, to fill the situation of cabin-boy. The ship sailed for Hayti, where the captain, finding that he was a volatile youth, sold him to an agent of a plantation, who employed him as kitchen-boy. In this post Christophe began to show his genius, and made such advance in the culinary business, that his master at length made him cook.

When the French general Destain, arriving with an armament at Hayti, took volunteers, Christophe went on board a French ship of war, and so ceased to be a slave.

At the close of the campaign, he quitted the service, and set up a tavern at Cape Haytien (at that time Cape François) with the Crown for his sign. His early occupation as cook was here of use to him, and his merits as *restaurateur* were acknowledged by his customers. But he often let them know that he was a coarse uneducated man, and the rudeness of his behaviour frequently led to disagreeable consequences. On the breaking out of the French revolution (1789), he again took up the warlike profession, first as chief gunner, and afterwards as a dragoon; and by his courage and zeal, soon attracted the attention of his commanders. At the first burning of Cape Town, Christophe was made captain. Some time after, he turned captain of a pirate vessel. When his cruise was over, he set up as a wholesale butcher or slaughterer; but his rudeness equalled his skill, and hurt his credit. He often carried his brutality to such a length as to throw the meat in his customers' faces. At last he was obliged to give up the business, and to live on the little that he had saved.

Some time after, General Toussaint named him commandant of Petit-Anse. Here he was, again in his proper sphere. In 1801 he became commandant of Cape Town. As his rank ascended, he began more and more to show his hatred of the whites and coloured people—which latter constituted, at that time, the chief part of the population. He took pains, nevertheless, to deceive the white officers of the French troops, with regard to his real sentiments, behaved towards them in the most friendly manner, and loaded them with presents, in order to confirm them in the deceptive belief that he was sincerely devoted to France.

When Dessalines proclaimed himself Emperor of Hayti, under the name of James I., he appointed Christophe his prime minister, and minister of war. On the death of Dessalines, the minister was called to be President and Generalissimo of the Haytian republic, Petion being, at the same time, appointed his Lieutenant, and Governor of the southern division of the island. At a national assembly held at Cape François, for the purpose of devising a constitution, Petion and Christophe fell out, and continued ever after irreconcilable enemies—the former recommending a national representation, while the latter wished to establish an unlimited monarchy. The consequence was, a sanguinary war between them. Petion, always beaten, but never thoroughly conquered, kept his position in Port-au-Prince, and ruled, independently, as President, the southern portion of the island.

In 1811 Christophe assumed the rank of king, under the name of Henry I.

This extraordinary man appears to have been eminently fitted by nature to shine in the part of a leader of pirates and buccaneers. He had great size and strength, a hardy constitution, and the most undaunted courage. He was not quite black, but rather of a chocolate brown colour, and his features were regular; his aspect, nevertheless, was repulsive, and, at times terrific. He always carried a large stick with him, which he bestowed liberally on the backs of all who came within his reach.

We question the correctness of our author's assertion, that Christophe was unable to write,

and that, dictating his letters to his secretary, he signed them with an illegible scrawl. The facsimile of his signature, which Mr. Mackenzie has given us in his 'Notes on Hayti,' displays, with all the cipher-like contraction not unusual in signatures, the character of bold and practised penmanship. The note of Christophe to his wife, respecting the illness of Madame Première, his daughter—which Ritter has thought fit to introduce into his volume, is a trifle creditable only to those who published it. If the *billets doux* and private notes of the crowned heads of Europe were ransacked, what a mass of trumpery would turn up!

The object which wholly engrossed Christophe's attention, was the organization of his military force. His magazines, private stores—even the rooms of his palace—were filled with military accoutrements. In the attainment of this favourite object, there can be no doubt that he was, in a great measure, successful. The Haytian troops trained by him, aided by the climate, would be, at the present day, more than a match for any European invading force. But Christophe's talents did not extend to the organization of political constitutions. His government was purely despotic; and his subjects could not avoid contrasting his tyranny, which was daily growing more harsh and hateful, with the comparatively mild sway of Petion or Boyer in the southern republic.

When Christophe, therefore—falling sick in August, 1820—retired to his palace at Sans Souci, a short distance from the town, the malcontent officers took advantage of his absence to conspire against him. The chief of the conspiracy was the Duc de Marmelade. The title of this nobleman, as well as that of the minister of foreign affairs, Count Limonade, was well chosen for the court of a king who rose from the kitchen. The revolution broke out on the 6th of October; arms were distributed among the black mob, who moved on towards Sans Souci. The royal body guards at first affected to resist the rebels; but their disaffection was ripe, and they soon embraced the popular cause. In this state of affairs Christophe found himself deserted by all his friends except the Baron Dupuy, who remained steadfast. To him he exclaimed, on learning the desertion of the guards—"Save yourself; my time is up;" so saying, he laid himself down on the bed, and blew his brains out with a pistol.

The day after Christophe's death, his son, Prince Victor Henry, was murdered. His wife and daughters, as is well known, were liberated after a short restraint, and embarked for England; and they are now, we believe, residing in Italy. In the meantime, the palace of Sans Souci was given up to plunder. When our author visited it, the floors of the apartments were still littered with fragments of furniture and broken mirrors. The leaders of the insurrection seem not to have had any plans of ambition, nor to have looked further than the relieving themselves from the chains which galled them. They never dreamt of obviating the ruin with which the social frame was threatened by the loss of the key-stone of authority. The most dreadful anarchy took place; rapine and licentiousness were the order of the day, when Boyer, who had succeeded Petion on the death of the latter, as President of the southern republic, opportunely advanced to Cape Town, with an army of 15,000 men. No opposition was offered to him; and he, on reaching the northern capital, and receiving the submission of Christophe's officers, finished his bloodless, but glorious campaign, with a proclamation beginning as follows:—

Citizens and fellow soldiers! the magistrate and generals acquaint you, with lively joy, that henceforth there exists but one government and one constitution

in Hayti. Peace is restored, and all the Haytians are united as brethren, &c. &c.

The constitution of Hayti, when first planned, was intended as a copy of that of the United States; but it bore, nevertheless, a faithful resemblance to that model in its external lineaments alone, and differed from it in its most essential particulars. The Congress consists of two houses, the Senate and House of Representatives. The members of the former are only twenty-four in number, and are, in some measure, allied in interest with the President, who, as often as a vacancy occurs in the Senate, names three persons, one of whom is elected to fill the vacant place. The President of the republic of Hayti has the initiative in framing laws; he has the appointment of all officers, civil and military; he directs the collection and expenditure of the revenue; and he has, furthermore, the comprehensive prerogative of governing by proclamations, framed in conformity with law: in fine, he is invested with such sweeping powers, as constitute him, with a little prudence, practically absolute. The difficulty of establishing constitutional liberty among an untaught and untrained people, is well exemplified in the case of Hayti. When the fever of liberty and equality was at its highest in the island, Dessalines took the title of Emperor, as James I. A little after him, followed Christophe as Henry I., and ruled as sternly as if he were on the quarter-deck of his pirate schooner. Petion, a mulatto, whose real name was Sabezy—being kept in check by the superior fortune of his rival, and obnoxious, as a man of colour, to the Negro multitude—was compelled to court popularity, and to recommend himself by gentleness and moderation. Yet he found means to secure himself unlimited powers, which he transmitted to his successor, President Boyer, a man of a like temperate and prudent character. We do not blame those individuals for assuming large powers, which they administered discreetly. The civilization of the community was not mature enough to support a complex system of civil rights; and the social machinery must have fallen to pieces, unless held together by the strong hand of authority.

Christophe had a deep-rooted aversion to the whites, and even to coloured people, but he particularly hated the French. The English, on the other hand, he was disposed to tolerate. It was said even, that he meditated adopting the reformed religion, and making English the language of the island. He himself spoke a few words of broken English—an accomplishment of which he seems to have been somewhat ostentatious. Of the schools established by him, our author gives the following information:—

The national school in Cape Town has been in operation since 1816, so that at present all children, at least of the higher classes, can read and write. What was called the high school, under the management of an Englishman, was very ably conducted; and young people, besides learning French and English, had, till the age of twenty or twenty-four, an opportunity of acquiring there some knowledge of every branch of science. Besides this, there was an English school.

What is said here of the spread of education, applies, we apprehend, only to the chief towns. The bulk of the people in Hayti are still, as we are informed by Mr. Mackenzie, in a state of gross ignorance. They have not yet forgotten their African origin; and, notwithstanding their nominal adherence to the Roman Catholic religion, they continue to practise many of their Pagan superstitions. The most numerous body of the blacks are from the kingdom of Dahomey, in Guinea. These Dahomeys, as they are called, were united in a regiment of body guards—a measure the prudence of which is very questionable. The discipline of religion in Hayti appears to be very lax. Baptism is negligently sought,

and the ceremony of marriage is, in a majority of cases, altogether dispensed with. Dessalines lived in a state of polygamy, and many, at the present day, imitate his licence.

There are, no doubt, instances of literary cultivation to be found among the black, and still more among the coloured population of Hayti. Our author mentions, with approbation, a tragedy in three acts, by Count Rozier, entitled 'Neri, chef des Haytiens.' But still we fear that the mass of the black population is not raised in civilization much above the level of their African brethren. The practice of marooning, or running off to the woods to lead a savage life, is common among young persons who are harshly used. There is, in fact, a considerable number of Maroons in the sequestered forests; at full moon their tom-toms are heard all night long, and they may be seen dancing as violently and perseveringly as if their lives depended on the exercise.

As to the character of the people, (says Ritter) it is to be remembered, that in general all are under the influence of mutual hatred. The black hate the coloured, and the coloured hate the black: but the most hated of all are the Mestizos, who nearly resemble the whites in complexion. These creatures often complain that no one in the world acknowledges their relationship: they belong to none, and are despised by all.

This is certainly an unfavourable account of Haytian society, but we fear that it will be difficult to impeach its accuracy. That mixture of heterogeneous races, who, from their first existence lay claims to different degrees of natural dignity, and are thus divided into irreconcilable castes, cannot be supposed to work better in Hayti, than on the opposite continent, where (in Peru especially) its baneful operation has been so fully developed, and so completely laid bare to observation. Philanthropists are unreasonable in expecting that when they have united a community of black faces, they have realized Utopia. We believe black men to be as capable of enjoying the benefits of civilization as white men, but more than this we cannot concede; nor can we be brought to admit, that a numerous, enlightened, and harmonious community, can exist otherwise than as the growth of ages.

Our author, who seems himself quite free from all prejudices regarding complexion, often experienced, in the course of his rambles, the animosity of the commonalty towards the whites, and on one occasion his life even was threatened. But he justly remarks, that in Hayti, as elsewhere, there are bad men and good; and the attachment of his servant, whom he treated kindly, was on all occasions sufficient to avert from him the wrath of other Negroes. One of his most important commissions, was to bring home to Vienna two living crocodiles, and in catching these animals, which he represents as being of much more amiable disposition than is commonly imagined, he was well aided by the people. His solicitude about the crocodiles procured him the appellation of Moncher (Monsieur) Cayman, and the crocodiles, on the other hand, were named, in Creole French, "petites a li"—his little ones.

Though Ritter says that trade flourished in Cape Haytien in 1820, he offers no numerical details in corroboration of his statement; and all the statistical accounts published respecting the island—among which the tables of exports, &c. collected by our consul, Mr. Mackenzie, and published by him from his despatches, in his Notes on Hayti, 1830, are most to be depended on—represent the commerce of Hayti as declined very low. Prior to the revolution in 1789, the French portion of the island was in a most flourishing condition, the capital having a population of 50,000, now reduced to 8000 or 10,000



inhabitants; and its trade was nearly equal to that of all the West Indian islands put together. Since that time, the industry and trade of Hayti have changed their character, as well as fallen off in amount. The quantity of coffee, which is the staple produce of the island, exported in 1826, was about 32 millions of pounds, or less than half of the quantity exported in 1791. The exportation of sugar within the same period, was reduced to less than a five-hundredth part of its former value. Indigo, which at one time figured largely in the exports, has almost ceased altogether to be cultivated in Hayti. Cotton is in a like predicament. On the other hand, the manufacture of cigars has sprung up of late years, in Cape Haytien; tobacco is more extensively cultivated than formerly, but not, we believe, for exportation; and the mahogany of the island has been latterly exported to a large amount. In general, as Mr. Mackenzie has observed, the Haytiens make the most of the resources which are near at hand, and give up systematic industry. There is certainly more foresight shown in sowing than in reaping; but we must not ascribe the spendthrift husbandry of the Haytiens wholly to their indolence or barbarity. Men cannot be induced to sow, without the assurance of peace; and, on the other hand, the domestic and political distress inseparable from revolutions, naturally disposes them to grasp impatiently whatever offers, and to gather an unripe harvest. Our witnesses all depose that the Haytian Negro is fond of his ease:—

The common Negro (says Ritter) is lazy, and, without compulsion, cannot be brought to work; and the moment his work is finished, he stretches himself under the nearest tree, smokes his cigar, and then goes to sleep. It is not uncommon to see two negroes sitting on a horse, while a third holds on by the tail, to get a help on his journey.

In Hayti, where the Negroes are free, not one of them will work for any money, so long as he has a farthing in his pocket to buy cassavi bread. They prefer idleness to the trouble of earning anything. The poor Negro has but few wants. A piece of cassavi bread, and salt fish, a drink of water with a little rum, a few oranges or other fruits, which are to be had for next to nothing, satisfy the cravings of his stomach. He then smokes his cigar, sings his song, and snoozes, just like the lazzaroni in Naples.

Nothing shows more forcibly the general ignorance which prevails respecting the first principles of political philosophy, than the anxiety of those who offer themselves as the advocates and encomiasts of the Negro republic of Hayti, to swell the amount of its population. The political value of a population depends not so much on its numerical amount, as on its civilization: even in calculating the item of its mere physical strength, civilization is the more weighty element, as statisticians well know. A young community, untaught, untrained, unused to the duties of citizenship, may indulge in flattering hopes for the future, in proportion to the moderation of its numbers. The more populous it is in the first instance, the more liable it is to be attacked in its growth by the fatal cancer of pauperism. A clean fallow is better than a field overrun with weeds. If we would bring the human plant to perfection, we must begin with garden culture, and having succeeded in the small way, then extend our labours to the fields. Ritter, following, we suspect, M. Justin, the historian of Hayti, estimates the population of the island at 700,000. Other statements, pretending to great accuracy of details, and generally adopted, swell its amount to 936,000; but we believe that these estimates are much above the truth. From returns laid before the House of Representatives in 1825, it would appear that the inhabitants of the island were at that time only 423,000, and however imperfect those returns

may have been, they have certainly quite as much authority as the estimates opposed to them. The number of whites in the island were only 500. The aboriginal race of red Indians is, we believe, quite extinct; although some recent writers allude to their existence: but it is probable that the Maroons, who have relapsed to the savage state, have been mistaken for the aboriginals.

It is remarkable, that our author, in the summary which he gives of the history of Hayti, has omitted to notice the most important event which has occurred to the republic since its union under Boyer—we mean the treaty with France in 1825, by which the latter power renounced its claims to the sovereignty of the island for 150 millions of francs, payable in five instalments. In some of our popular accounts of Hayti, we find the President severely censured for accepting such terms:—but Boyer had no alternative. The French government, after many fruitless attempts at negotiation, sent its definitive proposals, with fourteen ships of the line; and so extorted its own terms by this insinuation of force. To meet that engagement, a loan was contracted in Paris, payable from a revenue calculated on a million of people. The estimates of the population and resources of Hayti, thus thrown into the money market as elements of speculation, have been, of course, involved in misrepresentations, which it is not, we suspect, the interest of the Haytian government to correct; and hence our want of authentic documents relative to the progress of the republic.

*Report on the Statistics of Tuscany, Lucca, the Pontifical, and the Lombardo-Venetian States.*  
By J. Bowring, L.L.D. Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Is this report Dr. Bowring has entered on a new field of investigation, for the statistical accounts of northern Italy hitherto published were so imperfect and unsatisfactory, that they were worse than useless. Fortunately, the rulers of the different states, several of the most intelligent land-owners and merchants, and many Italian men of science, combined to supply Dr. Bowring with all the information he could desire, and he has rewarded them by placing the results before the world in a form equally useful and agreeable. We have rarely seen a public document displaying more skill in arrangement, more power in condensing knowledge, or more art in relieving the dryness of statistical tables by interesting details of natural and artificial productions. The Report enables us to estimate not merely the external commerce of the countries under consideration, but also their capabilities in agricultural and manufacturing produce, their rate of progress in population and power, the circumstances that bear on the direction of capital and labour, and the means of exchange which they consequently possess. It would be impossible to make any abridgment of this view of the social condition of northern Italy, for Dr. Bowring has condensed his information into the narrowest compass; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with directing the attention of our readers to a few of the particulars most interesting to Englishmen, and respecting which information is most difficult to be obtained.

Tuscan straw hats and plaiting were, until lately, largely imported into England, and the trade would probably have increased, were the duty on these articles assimilated to that which the Tuscan government levies on English cottons—that is, from 12 to 15 per cent. ad valorem; but the following statement, supplied by the Florentine merchants, proves that the English tariff virtually amounts to a prohibition.

“The demand for straw hats was at one period so

extensive for the English market, that about 900 cases, containing 24,000 dozens, were shipped annually. Their average value was, 7,000 Tuscan lire per case, making £T.2,100,000 in all, or 70,000*l.* sterling. They would pay in England a duty of 68*s.* per dozen, equal to 81,600*l.* sterling, which is more than 116 per cent. But in the inferior qualities, when a case is not worth more than £T.4,000 to £T.5,000, the duty is from 150 to 200 per cent. \* \*

“The requiring by the English tariff a diameter of 22½ inches as a maximum, unless a double duty be paid, is a mere vexation to trade, without any benefit to the revenue. It prohibits hats of a certain shape when they are in fashion, as is frequently the case; it acts, as far as it acts, as a sumptuary law, or, where it is avoided, it compels the importer to use the smuggler's co-operation.

“The present state of the law excludes all hats for the unopulent classes, for children, all narrow-brimmed hats, either for men or women, the consumption of which is immense in almost every country. The duty upon them in England would be more than 300 per cent.

“The trade in straw hats with England was wholly crushed by the oppression of such enormous duties, and tresses of Tuscan plat superseded it in the English market. Upon this plat a duty of 17*s.* per lb. was levied. As a piece of 100 braccia weighs 4 oz., the duty amounts to 4*s.* 3*d.* T. per piece, or equal to about 75 per cent. on the average value. The yearly exportations of this plat from Tuscany is from 100,000 to 120,000 pieces, and the value one million of lire, say 33,000*l.* sterling, on which a revenue of 25,000*l.* should be paid.

“The system of duties which levies the same amount on straw hats, whatever be their value, is also applied to straw tresses. The prices, which vary from 3 lire to 12, or in the proportion of one to four, have no influence upon the duty. The lower qualities cannot afford to pay so heavy an import, and the higher are the articles in which the smuggler can most successfully defraud the revenue. In both cases the duty is far too high. The contraband trade in straw hats and tresses is very considerable from the ports of both France and Holland.

“Besides these, Tuscany exports to England from 1,200 to 1,500 cases of straw for plaiting, of the value of about £T.900,000, or 30,000*l.* sterling, which is platted in England, and pays no import duty; so that 75 per cent. is the protection given to the manufacture of plat, and is above from 100 to 300 per cent. to the makers of hats. Of this state of things Tuscany has a right to complain, and the grievance inflicted on the consumer is evidently monstrous. It is true that the contraband trade relieves Tuscany from the consequences of English legislation. The highly taxed, the prohibited articles, do force their way, but the Treasury of Great Britain is despoiled, the trade falls into unscrupulous and dishonest hands; and it is hoped that a consideration of these facts will not be lost upon the intelligent authorities of Great Britain.”

The average imports from Great Britain into the port of Leghorn amount in value to about 630,000*l.* annually, but it is difficult to ascertain the amount of exports, as no register is kept. The value of the exports appears, however, from an approximate estimate, to be about two-thirds that of the imports, and the balance is paid by bills on London and Paris. The trade with Liverpool is rapidly increasing: in 1826 three vessels only sailed from Leghorn for that port; in 1836, the number was fourteen. This increase is principally owing to the growing demand for borax and boracic acid, which are becoming daily more important in our manufactures, and which can be procured in no part of Europe except Tuscany. The lagoons, in which these substances are produced, are truly wonderful, though they seem to have escaped the notice of the generality of travellers.

“The borax lagoons of Tuscany are entitled to a detailed description. They are unique in Europe, if not in the world; and their produce is become an article of equal importance to Great Britain as an import and to Tuscany as an export. They are spread over a surface of about 30 miles, and exhibit

from the distance columns of vapour, more or less according to the season of the year and state of the weather, which rise in large volumes among the recesses of the mountains.

"As you approach the lagoons, the earth seems to pour out boiling water as if from volcanoes of various sizes, in a variety of soil, but principally of chalk and sand. The heat in the immediate adjacency is intolerable, and you are drenched by the vapour which impregnates the atmosphere with a strong and somewhat sulphurous smell. The whole scene is one of terrible violence and confusion—the noisy outbreak of the boiling element—the rugged and agitated surface—the volumes of vapour—the impregnated atmosphere—the rush of waters—among bleak and solitary mountains.

"The ground, which burns and shakes beneath your feet, is covered with beautiful crystallizations of sulphur and other minerals. Its character beneath the surface at Mount Cerboli is that of a black marl streaked with chalk, giving it, at a short distance, the appearance of variegated marble.

"Formerly the place was regarded by the peasants as the entrance of hell, a superstition derived no doubt from very ancient times; for the principal of the lagoons and the neighbouring volcano still bear the name of Monte Cerboli (*Mons Cerberi*). The peasantry never passed by the spot without terror, counting their beads, and praying for the protection of the Virgin."

These lagoons have recently been brought into profitable action by Mr. Larderel; and he has ingeniously made the localities themselves his instruments in the process of manufacture.

"The soffioni, or vapours, break forth violently in different parts of the mountain recesses. They only produce boracic acid when they burst with a fierce explosion. In these spots artificial lagoons are formed by the introduction of the mountain streams. The hot vapour keeps the water perpetually in boiling ebullition, and after it has received its impregnation during 24 hours at the most elevated lagoon, the contents are allowed to descend to the second lagoon, where a second impregnation takes place, and then to the third, and so forth, till it reaches the lowest receptacle, and having thus passed through from six to eight lagoons, it has gathered one-half per cent. of the boracic acid. It is then transferred to the reservoirs, from whence after a few hours rest, it is conveyed to the evaporating-pans, where the hot vapour concentrates the strength of the acid by passing under shallow leaden vessels, from the boiling fountains above, which it quits at a heat of 80° of Réaumur, and is discharged at a heat of 60°. There are from 10 to 20 pans, in each of which the concentration becomes greater at every descent till it passes to the crystallizing vessels, from whence it is carried to the drying rooms, when, after two or three hours, it becomes ready to be packed for exportation."

"The lagoons are ordinarily excavated by the mountaineers of Lombardy, who emigrate into Tuscany during the winter season, when their native Apennines are covered with snow. They gain about one Tuscan lira per day. But the works are conducted, when in operation, by natives, all of whom are married, and who occupy houses attached to the evaporating-pans. They wear a common uniform, and their health is generally good."

Before these lagoons were brought under the control of industry, they were a serious injury to the country:—

"Their fetid smell—their frightful appearance, agitating the earth around them by the ceaseless explosions of boiling water, and not less the terrors with which superstition invested them, made the lagoons themselves to be regarded as public nuisances, and gave to the surrounding country a character which alienated all attempts at improvement.

"Nor were the lagoons without real and positive dangers, for the loss of life was certain where man or beast had the misfortune to fall into any of those boiling baths. Cases frequently occurred in which cattle perished, and one chemist, of considerable eminence, met with a horrible death, by being precipitated into one of the lagoons. Legs were not unfrequently lost by a false step into the smaller pits (*puttize*), where, before the foot could be withdrawn, the flesh would be separated from the bone."

The account of the operations in progress for draining the Maremme, or Tuscan marshes, is very interesting, but it is too long to be extracted. One specimen of the results, both as regards general health and the interests of those who were at one time opposed to the operation, deserves to be quoted:—

"The town of Grosseto, which was generally depopulated by emigration in the summer season, has become less alarming to the inhabitants. In 1836 nearly 1,200 persons remained through the year, while previously the number seldom exceeded from 300 to 400. The deaths were about 40, of which the greater portion were children. I found a universal opinion that the pestiferous character of the marshes had been greatly modified, and in the course of three or four years nearly half of the marshy lands have been subjected and prepared for cultivation, partly by draining when their position is elevated, partly by filling them with deposits from the rivers when their situation is low: thus a vast extent of land has been redeemed, and a population is gradually dispersed over a country formerly condemned to abandonment. Nor have the old interests suffered. The padule of Castiglione, for example, gave maintenance to a great number of fishermen: I found that it had been leased at a larger sum than it ever produced before the improvements were begun, as it is now let at 12,000 Tuscan lire per annum, and it has at this moment no less than 100 fishermen who live upon the produce of its waters, a number greater than has been employed at any former period. The quantity of fish has increased, and their capture is much facilitated by the constant encroachment of the new soil which the Ombrone leaves behind it in its periodical overflows."

On the whole, Tuscany appears to be in a state of progressive prosperity, chiefly owing to the enlightened legislation of the Archduke Leopold I.; his judicious and temperate reforms in every branch of the civil and ecclesiastical administration were, indeed, suspended by the French Revolution; but the reigning sovereign has revived the system of his illustrious predecessor, and the Etrurian states are now the most prosperous in Italy.

A sad contrast is presented to us in the condition of the people of the Roman States; the laws are bad, and the administration of them worse; both causes have combined to render the country miserable. The following extract contains a melancholy picture of the state of manufacturing industry in that part of Italy; and it also explains the cause of such wretchedness:—

"Many a town of Great Britain, consisting of only 30,000 souls, produces a greater quantity of manufactured articles than the three million inhabitants of the Pontifical States—notwithstanding the enormous sacrifices made by the Papal Government, the protections, the prohibitions, the premiums given for the encouragement of what is called native industry. At Rome, as elsewhere, there has long existed a desire and a determination to introduce and to support a manufacturing interest—no matter at what sacrifice of other advantages, or of other interests—no matter at what cost to the agriculturists, at what loss to the Treasury, at what hardships to the consumer; but in Rome, as elsewhere, the measures taken to increase and improve manufacturing produce have been the main causes of decline and decay. Premiums and protections have only served to reward and to render permanent the most rude and ignorant processes of manufacture; and prohibition, as far as it has succeeded (and it has succeeded of course in the coarser and cheaper articles, which cannot pay the smugglers' profits)—prohibition has kept away those superior foreign manufactures, whose presence would have compelled improvement in the home production. I visited some of the woollen manufactures, being the most important. Scarcely a valuable discovery had been introduced: the spinning—in some cases by hand, in others by machinery—far behind the universal progress in England, Belgium, Prussia, or France; the looms such as were generally employed in the fourteenth century, little better than those used by the Indians of the Dekkan;

the roving and carding all done by solitary workmen, and with the ancient teneals and hand-cards; the shearing with the antique hand-shears, such as have been employed from immemorial time; and in some places I saw the fulling performed by men half naked, employed to trample upon the cloth—a process, probably, not now to be found in any other part of the civilized world. How then can it be an object of wonder, if manufactures, instead of making progress, remain stationary or fall into decay, while rival productions move forward in the career of constantly improving change?

"In the Hospital of St. Michael they have the privilege of furnishing cloth for the apostolical palaces and for the pontifical troops. The manufacture employs nothing but the national wool. The spinning is done by hand, for the most part by women confined in the various prisons; the warping is also done by manual labour; and it is made a boast that no machinery is employed where the work can be done without it. There are 25 looms in the establishment, and 850 persons are employed. 30,000 *canne* of cloth (= about 77,500 yards) are said by M. Morichini to be the annual produce; and I should imagine they have the distinction of being the most costly cloth produced in Europe at the present time. There are 12 conservatories in Rome, containing 572 inmates in all (the average being 48, the smallest number 8, and the highest 100). In most of these some manufacture is carried on, but I believe wholly by hand-labour."

The silk trade is the most important subject of consideration in the account of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; but the trade is declining, partly from the competition of the English and French manufacturers, but principally from the great increase in the import of raw silk from Asia:—

"True it is that the Italian silks preserve their ancient reputation in the markets of Britain; but they have now formidable rivals. The attention paid by the East India Company and other oriental merchants to the silks of India and China—their low prices—their improving qualities—have tended to shift the position of Italian silks for the English demand, and will continue to influence it. From 1800 to 1814, the average importation of silk into London was 786,280 Italian lb. of Italian silk, and only 538,483 lb. of Asiatic silk; while from 1815 to 1834, the average of Italian silk imported was 1,446,519 Italian lb., and of Asiatic silk, 1,572,051 lb. Thus the increase of Italian silk has been 84 per cent., and that of Asia 192 per cent., or more than double. In other words, the importation of Italian silks, from 1800 to 1814, was 50 per cent. more in amount than the importations from Asia, while the average since 1815 has been 8 per cent. more from Asia than from Italy."

Trieste is the most flourishing port in the provinces under the dominion of Austria; it rose on the ruins of Venice; and though that city has been now for some years a *fiore* port, its new rival retains its superiority. One reason for this, which Dr. Bowring intimates rather than expresses, is, that the merchants of Trieste had formed intimate connexions with the principal houses in Malta, the Ionian Islands, and the Levant, during the continental wars, which the competition of Venice was unable to destroy.

The general result of Dr. Bowring's investigations is, that Italy possesses great undeveloped resources, which might, under a judicious system, raise the peninsula once more to a high rank among the European states. He observes,

"The power which Italy would obtain by calling into cultivation tracts of land equally vast and fertile, would necessarily alter her commercial position; the exportations of corn and cattle, of oil and wine, of wool and silk, would enormously increase; and if, with these growing means of purchase, her governments should have the wisdom to remove the impediments to the imports of foreign goods, there is no doubt an immense impulse would be given to her general prosperity. Situated as she is, I know not what should circumscribe her relations; she possesses large masses of inert capital, much inventive genius, and a considerable portion of her inhabitants



are patiently laborious. She has a coast which may be said to touch three seas, adjacency to great European marts, as well as to many of those of Asia and Africa, excellent ports, a genial climate, and productive soil; nothing indeed is wanting but the spirit of improvement to give her a high position among rising nations."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Kindness in Women; Tales*, by Thomas Haynes Bayly.—Mr. Bayly's name, winged by some hundred of the most popular songs of our time, has flown far and wide; the frequenters of the 'Olympic' revels, too, know him well as a successful purveyor of such gossamer comedy and farce as suits the spirit of Wych Street: here he comes before us in the character of novelist, with a grave and a gay tale, as kindly in heart, as pleasantly easy in manner, as ever. In the first story, devoting himself to sentiments and affections, which, though they are sometimes a little faded, are never morbid; in the second, giving unchecked bent to humour, which is rather buoyant in the right of his self-complacency, than of its poignancy and shrewdness. His book, in short, is not amenable to stern or searching criticism: the very book to become a favourite at watering-places, were it only for the air of those haunts which pervades its scenery and its characters throughout. The first story, 'Kate Leslie,' relates the history of one of those successors to patient Grisél, whose lot it is to have their happiness blighted by selfish and exacting husbands. The heroine we thought somewhat perverse in her choice, and she is dismally punished.—George Hanson, her husband, having married her while a second lady was living, whose marriage with him is only to be proved illegal, by its being discovered that a first wife was alive at the time it was contracted! He dies, however, as he ought to do, shortly after so disgraceful a business is revealed, and leaves his widow with a competence and a dutiful son. Kate herself is a sweet, gracious creature; and we have a kindness for Ibbotson, the usher in her father's school, and whom she ought to have married; but Mrs. Podd, the lame, much-enduring old housekeeper, is our favourite; and it only required a firmer hand on the part of her pourtrayer to have rescued her from the reproach of *teardrop*, and to have made her one of those eccentric but engaging personages—standard favourites, who give such a relief and interest to many a novel. 'David Dumps,' the second story, is—but the title will spare our descanting upon it; as our readers must perceive that it heralds the funny history of a doleful man, born to ill luck—whose love, of course, goes wrong, whose friends suspect him; one whom knaves cheat, and strangers laugh at, till we are glad to have done with him, and to see him comfortably married to a sensible young gentlewoman, who is as mirthful as he is melancholy, and rules him for his good.

*A Handbook for Travellers in Southern Germany, being a Guide to Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol, Salzburg, Styria, &c., the Austrian and the Bavarian Alps, and the Danube from Ulm to the Black Sea, &c., with an Index Map.*—This excellent and copious manual was not before us a fortnight since, when we were speaking of the change which had passed over guide books of later years; a more admirable illustration of our remarks could nowhere be found, for the compiler, in tracing out the hundred and thirty-six routes (many of them almost new ones), to which the volume is devoted, has contrived to make his pages almost "as amusing as a fairy tale," by quoting from the host of continental travellers ranging between Russell and Reeve, and weaving among their best bits of description, extracts from MS. journals. In short, this book leaves little to be desired in the chapter of information—nothing in that of amusement.

The accumulation here before us, of six substantial five act plays, would, indeed, speak well for the prospects of the drama, if its prosperity were to be measured by the number and pretension of the works put forth. But though the merits of the present company be widely different, the dramatic spirit and capability contained in the whole half dozen might be concentrated, and yet prove insufficient for the support of a single scene. First comes *Mary Queen*

*of Scots: an Historical Play*, by the late Rev. Thos. Francklin, D.D., &c.—This work, edited and published by the Doctor's son, is written in a sober, level style; equally guiltless of scenes or passages which may either excite or offend.—*The Conspiracy of Querini and Tiepolo* stands second on the list. The title of this drama proclaims one of "those violent Venetian stories" (as Moore calls them,) which have a peculiar fascination for readers in general. The constitution of society in Venice, in her proud and palmy days, by tending to stifle the expression of free-will and natural passion—to nourish an undercurrent of discontent, and stratagem, and secret crime, and to set in motion the tremendous machinery of espionage—was certain to give occasion for those outbreaks and excesses in which the romancer and the novelist find so rich a harvest of materials. But to the author of 'The Conspiracy' we can only award the qualified praise given to his predecessor; he is, perhaps, of the two, the more poetical in his diction.—Of *Wallace*, the third historical play before us,—composed, were told, "eighteen years ago—a burst of enthusiasm thrown off in six days,"—we have still less to say; though there is a certain affluence of language which might have come to something with judicious care and cultivation. But eighteen years of revision have left few traces upon this composition in the shape of well-drawn character or firmly-knit dialogue. The last three plays before us are written more decidedly in Erceles' vein than those just dismissed.—*Bertrand*, by S. B. Harper, is a Spanish story, numbering among its personæ a King of Castile, and a deposed monarch of Mauritania, with conspirators à discrétion. Our readers shall be treated with a specimen of its style—this is a portion of the soliloquy at which the book opened itself:—

BERTRAND.—Where was thy cradle; which the air that fed thee;  
Whose spirit art thou, poison-fanged Sorrow?  
Let that thou gapest from the dizzy void  
Of some dark Fate's damp, chill, funeral lap.  
And scuddest through the trackless sea of light.  
Studded in midst, with a clustre of island worlds,  
Till thou'st arrived at the Power's point;  
Where, 'mid the flowers, and streams, and scented gales,  
And sun, and harmony, and health of joy,  
Bound the gay spirits of the blithesome man:  
Then sudden fast'nest on the intensest spot,  
Whence issues feeling through his limned clay,  
Its fine surface bespread with aspen nerves,  
And scratchest thereabouts with thy virulent stings,  
Till life faints in exhaustion!  
Within this clayey bed there's but one vein  
Whence welling Sorrow could have dug a tear!  
Let it have robbed me of my wealth and titles—  
Those gaudy decembris are a nation's need!  
Approving conscience wants not them for joy!

*The Plague of Florence* is founded on 'The Two Pictures,' a tale published some years ago in the 'Literary Souvenir.' The writer has not cultivated the "flowers of rhetoric" so much in favour with Mr. Harper, and there is, accordingly, more of nature and feeling in his scenes; but the tragedy still contains a long series of "passages that lend to nothing," and might just as well have been printed in the prose in which (and not in blank verse) it is written.—*Earl Harold*, the last of this goodly company, will be welcome to all such as love to see 'Macbeth' murdered in a barn, and 'Romeo and Juliet' presented, when, as Goldsmith describes it, the same garment serves for her petticoat and her pall. It is a story of fate and prophecy: a gipsy incites its hero, who is a natural son, to murder his brother and his brother's wife; and the hero's wife flies from his presence, lest she be murdered also, to ensure the keeping of his dark secret. The latter (the Countess Harold) dies miserably upon a heath, in the midst of a storm, which she thus apostrophizes:—

Oh! night and darkness, fire, clouds, and rain,  
Why pour your wrath upon a poor young woman?

One may know by such a brick as this what the whole building must be. The author of 'Earl Harold' "spits fire, spouts rain," from the rising to the falling of the curtain.

*List of New Books.*—My Book; or the Anatomy of Conduct, by John H. Skelton, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Horlock's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 8vo. 5s. bd.—Dick's Philosophy of a Future State, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Cecil's Remains, 11th edit. 8s. cl.—Memoirs of the Rev. William Newman, D.D., by George Pritchard, 8vo. 8s. cl.—Voyages up the Mediterranean, with Memoirs of a Midshipman, by John A. Heraud, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Kindness in Women, by T. H. Bayly, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

bds.—Prose and Poetical Sketches, by Mrs. Head, 8s. 8vo. 10s. cl.—Uncle Horace, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. VIII. (East Indies, Vol. I.), 8s. 6s. cl.—The Sick Man's Embody and Devotional Exercises, by John Fawcett, D.D., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Christian Reader, selected and arranged by John Slater, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Heaven Unveiled, by J. Freeman, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Mary and Florence, or Gravel and Gay, 3rd edit. 8s. cl.—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, by a Lady, 7th edit. 18mo. 3s. hf-bd.—White's Abstract of Geography, 7th edit. 12mo. 1s. hf-bd.—Intellectual Arithmetic, upon the Inductive Method, 18mo. 1s. 6d. bd.—Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Hudson's Land Valuer's Assistant, 32mo. 4s. cl.—The Pulpit, Vol. XXX., 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Draper's Bible Stories, (New Testament, 2 vols.), 32mo. new edit. 3s. 6d. hf-bd.—Macreight's Manual of British Botany, 7s. 7d. cl.—Saunders on the Care of the Teeth, new edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Paul's Practical Observations on Costiveness, 8vo. 5s. 8d.—Cruchley's Picture of London, 3rd edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. NOTE-BOOK OF A SOLITARY THINKER.

As the Creator's hand hath placed the sun in the firmament of heaven, not for man to gaze thereon with senseless admiration, and quench his powers of vision amid a flood of light, but that it might cheer him with its beams and guide him with its rays, and let him see the beauty of earth whereon he walks,—so did the same Almighty power fix in the moral firmament the glorious light of Revelation, not that it should overwhelm the faculties of our minds with its splendour and sublimity, but that it might guide our feet into the way of duty and obedience.

Men reason concerning the goodness of God as children concerning the goodness of their parents, fancying that there can be no real kindness where there is not an unlimited indulgence.

Deduct from the calculation of human life the years of helpless infancy and thoughtless childhood, take from it the years of decrepitude and the days of sickness, think of the hours that are spent in sleep, and the many more that are unprofitably and idly spent—how few are left for the cultivation of the understanding, for the improvement of the heart—and, in one word, for the great purposes for which we are sent into the world.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

To forgive and forget is something of a difficulty, but to forget and forgive is the easiest thing in the world: for when resentment, which has been fruitlessly and ineffectually, though malignantly, nourished in the mind, has worn itself out; then from a mere sentiment of indolence, and a cold oblivion, an offence may be forgiven, and the individual forgiving may take to himself the credit and compliment of a christian virtue.

We often speak of being settled in life—we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down hill.

A present fiction has more interest than a past reality.

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow creatures, and if after all the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble that you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude, for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive, than about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

Human laws seem to calculate on disobedience and evasion; they make a hedge about our path, they meet us in all our windings and turnings, and by their literal vigilance almost invite us to use deceit. But divine laws are clear as light, free as air, expansive as thought, generous as the kindest affections of the heart: and are never rightly obeyed by selfishness that calculates, by meanness that evades, by timidity that shrinks from duty, or by indolence that dreads exertion.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FRANCE.—By JULES JANIN.

[Continued from p. 503.]

We come, now, to speak of the greatest of our writers—the master of this century—M. de Chateaubriand. He has written his own Memoirs; let us seek to guess at those Memoirs, since they are not to be read, till after M. de Chateaubriand's death.

In the general preface to his complete works, M. de Chateaubriand speaks as follows:—

"I have undertaken to write the memorials of my life; that life has been full of agitation. I have, often, crossed the seas—have lived in the huts of savages and the palaces of kings, in camps and in cities. A wanderer in the fields of Greece, and a pilgrim to Jerusalem, I have sat amid ruins of all kinds. I have seen the kingdom of Louis XVI. and the empire of Bonaparte, pass away. I have shared the exile of the Bourbons, and been the herald of their return. There are, as it were, two weights attached to my destiny, which cause it alternately to ascend and descend in equal proportions. I am taken, and left, and taken again;—stripped to-day, and to-morrow presented with a mantle—only that I may be stripped of it, again. Accustomed to hurricanes, in whatsoever port I arrive, I look upon myself but as a navigator, who is soon to embark again; and I plant no firm establishment on any shore. Two hours sufficed me to quit the ministry, and render up the keys of my official residence to him who was appointed to replace me.

"Whether it be a subject for regret or for congratulation, my writings have given their colour to many of the writings of my time. My name has, for twenty-five years, been mixed up with the social movement:—it is linked with the reign of Bonaparte—with the restoration of religious worship—with that of legitimate monarchy—and with the foundation of the constitutional monarchy. My person is rejected by some who preach my doctrines, and adopt my political creed only that they may deform it;—to others, my person would be acceptable, if I would consent to separate it from my principles. The most important affairs have passed through my hands. I have known all the kings, and nearly all the men—ministers and others—who have played parts, in my time. Presented to Louis XVI., I had, likewise, seen Washington, at the outset of my career,—and have finally fallen back upon that which I see to-day. Several times, Bonaparte has threatened me with his wrath and his power,—and yet he was attracted towards me by a secret inclination,—even as I experienced an involuntary admiration of that which was great in him. I might have been all-powerful in his government, had I so chosen; but one passion and one vice have ever been wanting to my success—ambition and hypocrisy.

"Vicissitudes like these, which assailed me almost a the very moment of my issue from an unhappy childhood, will, perhaps, shed some interest over my Memoirs. The books that I publish will be, as it were, the proofs and *pièces justificatives* of those Memoirs. Therein may be read, beforehand, all that I have been—for they embrace my whole life. Those readers who love that kind of study, will compare the productions of my youth with those of the age at which I am, now, arrived. There is ever something to be gained from these comparisons of the mind of man."

Thus it is that the greatest writer—the greatest poet—of our time speaks of the memoirs of his own life. This passage, which might serve for the preface to those Memoirs, gives a lofty idea of its author, in proportion as he is therein simple and modest. No man of our days is a better representative of that epoch which embraces the Republic, the Empire, and the old Monarchy, than M. de Chateaubriand himself. He is the greatest man of his age—in mind, in style, in poetry, in heart,—I say not in genius, because in that quality he is but the second man of his century; the first place is Bonaparte's. But Bonaparte has not written his memoirs, although we have some conversations of his, held on his prison-rock. As to that matter, however, Bonaparte might be tranquil enough; for his life has been published throughout all Europe, with fire and sword,—in the handwriting of despotism, of freedom, and of glory.

His memoirs are everywhere;—whereas, hitherto, the life of M. de Chateaubriand has existed only in his works,—there only is it to be sought. For him who knows how to read those great books, wherein all humanity is passed in review, no part of the author's life is hidden. He is, therein, entire. Therein will you find, if you are skilled to seek, the traveller, the sceptic, the believer, the poet, the philosopher, the Christian, the Frenchman, the royalist, the advocate of freedom, the gentleman, the citizen, the soldier, the historian, the actor in the days of strife, the faithful defender of fallen kings, and the confidential minister of powerful monarchs. The young man is there, and the old—their passions, pleasures, fancies, hopes, despair, summer dreams;—the soul, the mind, the heart, the entire man, the entire poet, are found in the works of M. de Chateaubriand; and his remark is both a fine and a true one, when he says—"My works are the proofs and *pièces justificatives* of my Memoirs:—therein may be read, beforehand, all that I have been." I had long, therefore, had the notion of collecting, page by page, the memoirs of M. de Chateaubriand, as they are scattered throughout the twenty-two octavo volumes of his completed works; for I well knew how much there is to gain in these analyses of the human mind—and of such a mind.

But, suddenly, the literary world is stirred by the news that M. de Chateaubriand has finished the Memoirs of his own life. More than this, the great poet, at the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*, beneath the beneficent and protecting eye of Mad. Récamier—that woman so full of heart and genius, whose gracious memory mingles with all our poetical memories of the last twenty years—undertakes the reading of his Memoirs. He has decided that they shall not appear till after his death; but is glad, before he dies, once more to pass in review the recollections of his great and glorious life, for the purpose of assuring himself, in the presence of witnesses, if he has been in all things faithful to those two sentiments of his heart—love for the religion of charity, and a sincere attachment to the public liberties. He invited, therefore, his friends, young and old, to this great feast of thought; and read before them, the confessions of his life. M. de Chateaubriand has marched at the head of the nineteenth century—which he opened, immediately after Jean Jacques Rousseau had closed the eighteenth. What a history—what a biography, then, have we here! What a historian—and of what a hero!—what a writer—and of what a history! Can your mind conceive a history, of which the *Génie du Christianisme* and *Les Martyrs* constitute but scattered fragments, and are mere *pièces justificatives*?

Fifteen days, then, have elapsed since M. de Chateaubriand commenced the reading of his Memoirs. The doors of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois* are closed upon the reader and his audience; not a sound—not a murmur of voice—not a sign of life—has issued from that interior, so deeply moved by the reading which is there going on. The old walls have kept their secret; and, of that judgment upon our generation from which there is no appeal, pronounced from an authority so high, though by a single man—of those last words which partake of the solemnity of the tomb—of that literary testament of M. de Chateaubriand—Paris knows nothing, France knows nothing, Europe knows nothing, as yet. M. de Chateaubriand has read, during fourteen days, a new book, of which he is, himself, at once, the author and hero, and of that book nothing has transpired to the public! But was it possible that the echoes of that powerful voice should fail to reach us?

No, thus it could not be!—The walls of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois* could not be so dumb as not to retain and repeat some of the sounding words which they had heard;—it shall not be said that even we—we of the common herd—have not snatched from that chosen auditory a portion of their emotions. In virtue of what title should we recognise that exclusive privilege in the selected of M. de Chateaubriand?—which of them all is more devoted to him than ourselves?—Have they more admiration than we for his genius—or more sympathy for his person—

or more reverence for his glory? It is, then, by an unjustifiable good-fortune, that they are the first witnesses to these posthumous revelations. They are at Madame Récamier's, to be sure,—be it so!—They see M. de Chateaubriand, face to face, hear his voice, and are the first spectators at the development of that marvellous existence which is allied to all the great reputations of Europe;—so far, good! But, does it follow that we shall be prevented from planting ourselves at the gates of the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*, to catch such sounds as may escape into the outer air; and there, when the midnight hour has sounded, to watch the transported audience issue forth,—to pick up the scattered revelations of its enthusiasm,—and to hear it, afar off, uttering its admiration, to the murmuring wind, and the flowing water, and the shining stars? And, if we have been fortunate enough to catch a reflection of that recited glory, why should we, who are bound by no promise, refrain from telling what we know? Why should we not share our light with all the literary men of our epoch? M. de Chateaubriand read his Memoirs, without us;—well!—we, notwithstanding, know enough of those Memoirs to be able to speak of them; we have heard sufficient, told both by men of calm temperament and by poets—by all sorts of persons, in fact, who heard them,—to enable us,—by the aid of those scattered notes, and still more by the aid of M. de Chateaubriand's other works, to put together some passages of that great unpublished work—that monument of brass and gold, which its author leaves behind him, to serve, at once, for his funeral oration, his epitaph, and his tomb.

It is easy to conceive the impression produced by the very first words of these *Mémoires*—"Préface Testamentaire!" It is the last will of the author—that his Memoirs be not published till after his decease. There exist two copies only of these Memoirs:—one is deposited in the hands of Madame de Chateaubriand, the other in those of Madame Récamier. It is said that the Memoirs have been purchased by English speculators, for 25,000 fr. per volume. These are sad details;—the greatest writer of our land to be published by Englishmen!—and he, himself, smiling in the midst of those mournful thoughts, and assisting, in his own lifetime, at a posthumous reading—hearing, while yet he breathes, words which for us shall issue from a tomb, when we are at last permitted to hear them! Such were the impressions conveyed by the first evening's reading!—Besides, the first book is wholly consecrated to the dead ancestors of the poet, and to his father who is dead also;—a race of old and obstinate gentlemen, poor and of very ancient nobility. One of the most remarkable of this old race was the father of M. de Chateaubriand. He was poor, as his father had been before him; and was left in the world with his mother alone. He was scarcely fifteen years old, when, one day, he knelt down by the bedside of his sick and aged parent, and implored her blessing—it being, he said, his resolution to go and seek his fortune. His mother blessed him; and he embarked at St. Malo. He was, twice, made prisoner, and twice escaped. He married a young and noble lady, by whom he had several children:—M. de Chateaubriand and his sister Lucile were the youngest of these. They were brought up at the Chateau de Combourg, an ancient mansion of the Chateaubriands, which his father had re-purchased.

You are, already, acquainted with the Chateau de Combourg; you have beheld it, in its desolation, and for ever abandoned, in *René*.—"I arrived at the chateau, by the long avenue of firs. I traversed, on foot, the deserted courts,—pausing, to gaze on the closed or half-broken windows, on the thistle which grew beneath the walls, on the leaves which choked up the threshold of the doors, and on the ruined and deserted steps which I had so often seen ascended by my father and his faithful servants. The marbles were already covered with moss,—the yellow wall-flower grew between the tottering and disjointed stones; and a servant, whom I knew not, abruptly opened the door.

"Covering my eyes, for a moment, with my handkerchief, I entered beneath the roof of my ancestors. I passed through the echoing apartments, whose silence was broken only by my tread. The chambers were dimly lighted by a feeble day, which stole through the closed shutters. I visited that in which



my mother died—that which was my father's retiring-room—that where I had slumbered in my cradle—and, finally, that wherein friendship received my earliest vows, in the bosom of a sister. The *salons* were disfurnished, all; and the spider spun his web in the neglected corners. I started precipitately away from these scenes, and separated myself from them with rapid strides, not daring to turn my head behind. Oh! how sweet, but fleeting, are the moments which are spent by the brothers and sisters of a family, in the society of their aged parents!"

If M. de Chateaubriand had not written the memorials of his youth, they would still have been recognised in *René*.—"My temper was impetuous, and my character uncertain:—by turns loud and joyous, silent and sad, I suddenly around me my young companions; and then suddenly abandoned them, to gaze upon the fleeting cloud, or listen to the fall of the rain amid the leaves."

A thing which the author merely hints at in *René*, but which he speaks of plainly in his Memoirs, is the respect, mingled with terror, with which his father inspired him. The father was a man of great height, of a gloomy and severe physiognomy, imposing in every way; his tread was sounding and heavy, his voice solemn, his eye sparkling. In the day-time, the young François de Chateaubriand chose rather to make a long circuit, than to meet his father: and when night arrived in that deserted chateau, "seated in the midst of forests, in a remote country," the whole family assembled in a vast hall,—the mother and the two young children grouped within the huge chimney; while the father, wrapped in his mantle, walked along and across the room, without uttering a word. In proportion as their lord and master increased his distance from the corner into which they were crowded, the conversation between the mother and her two children became more and more animated; as the steps of the father became faint, the infant voices grew more loud. But suddenly, the old count would turn round, returning from the door to the chimney; and then, as suddenly, the conversation sank by little and little; in proportion as he advanced, the voices grew fainter. Sometimes, he would pause before the chimney; and not a breath was heard: and then, in his loud harsh tones, he would ask, "What are you saying?"—and be answered by silence the most profound. Then would he resume his walk; and the evening passed away in these alternations of gossiping and silence.

At eleven o'clock, the old lord ascended to his chamber, where his listening family still heard him walking overhead. His foot made the old rafters groan. At length, all was silent;—and then, the mother, the son, and the sister uttered a cry of gladness. The two children gave themselves up to a thousand wild games,—or (what had still a greater charm,) told ghost-stories to each other. Amongst these stories, there is one which M. de Chateaubriand relates, in his Memoirs, and which will, one day, be cited as a model of narrative. The following are some fragments of this tale—a pale skeleton of M. de Chateaubriand's ghost.

One night, at the mid hour, an old monk, in his cell, hears a knocking at his door, and a plaintive voice which calls him. The monk hesitates to answer. At length, however, he rises, and opens to a pilgrim, who demands hospitality. The monk gives the pilgrim a bed, and flings himself upon his own; but is not well asleep, ere, suddenly, he perceives the pilgrim at the side of his couch, who signs to him to follow. They go out together: the door of the church opens of itself, and shuts again, behind them. The priest is at the altar, celebrating the sacred mysteries. Arrived at the foot of the altar, the pilgrim lifts his cowl, and exposes to the eyes of the monk a skull.—"Thou hast given me a place by thy side," says the pilgrim; "and, in return, I give thee a place on my bed of ashes."

You will readily understand what delicious terrors were theirs; and how, at these recitals, the sister pressed closely to the brother, and the brother to the sister. Nothing can be more touching than the pages of M. de Chateaubriand which speak of his young, beautiful, and intelligent sister Lucile! All his childhood was passed by the side of that sister; and they two had the same pleasures and the same fears.

"Timid, and constrained before my father, I found ease and contentment only by my sister's side. A

sweet conformity of manners and of tastes united me closely with this sister,—who was a little older than I. We loved to climb the hills together, and traverse the woods, at the fall of the leaf,—rambles whose memory yet fills my soul with delight. Oh! bright illusions of childhood and of home, does your sweetness never perish?"

"Sometimes, we walked on, in silence, listening to the moaning of autumn, or the rustling of the dry leaves which we trampled mournfully beneath our feet;—sometimes, in our innocent mirth, we chased the swallow over the meadows, or the rainbow on the showery hills;—sometimes we murmured verses, with which the spectacle of nature inspired us.

"We had, both of us, a little touch of sadness at the bottom of our hearts:—we had inherited that from God and from our mother."

You see, already, what the infant was; and may judge of what the scholar was likely to become,—a dreamer and a poet,—studying negligently and only when he pleased,—wearying of college, and, at college, as in his paternal home, taking refuge in friendship, which made his hours seem less tedious. The young François de Chateaubriand was educated at the college of Rennes. There he studied,—as well as he could study,—the arithmetic of Bezout; and as a counterpoise to Bezout, he discovered Horace—the *Horace expurgatus*,—and the *Confessions de Saint Augustin*, two new college friends.

These recollections are charming, as they are narrated by M. de Chateaubriand; they have all the freshness, and the infantine grace, and the rural passion, of the early books of Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Confessions*. He recalls the slightest accidents of that early age; he has a regret for all the friends whom he has lost,—as well as for his friend Gesril, the Vendéen, who died at Quiberon. This brave Gesril was a prisoner on parole. At night, he swam out, to warn an English vessel, which was cruising in the bay, not to approach the land. The English, put on their guard, were anxious to carry Gesril with them: but he, faithful to his parole, flung himself again into the sea; and returned to the fatal Quiberon,—where he was shot, the next day, exclaiming *Vive le Roi!*

The college of Rennes leaves few other recollections to M. de Chateaubriand. All, or nearly all, his college comrades are dead.

After ten months past in studies and rambles,—by turns dreaming and passionate, patient and violent,—studying when he pleased, but studying alone,—already a visionary,—and even already forming that learned and censored phraseology of his, which is, perhaps, something more than poetry—a poetry, the consciousness of which already existed in his soul, and of which he made the full discovery, at a later period—he first, and he alone, to the great admiration of France—he returned to pass his vacation at Combours. He beheld, again, the old sea-beaten chateau,—embraced his mother, once more,—again trembled before his father,—and again communed with his young sister, worked with her, and listened with her to the vague murmurs of the forest and of the deep. Then, suddenly, he was sent—not back to college, but—to the army. He was a scholar but yesterday, and to-day he becomes a soldier—a common soldier, drilled on parade. When he knew the details of his profession—when he had learned to keep time in the march, to clean his musket, to whiten his leathern equipments, and to blacken his cartouches—he was promoted. He became corporal—then sergeant—then *sous-lieutenant*. Then it was his turn to instruct others—to teach them all which he had, himself, been taught. All this passed at Dieppe, where he was in garrison—the sands of the sea served him for a battle-field. And thus he became, as his colonel said of him, *un officier tout-à-fait accompli*.

When this second education of the young Chateaubriand was finished—and it was quickly so—his father sent him to Paris, to seek his fortune. Once more, then, he bade adieu to the chateau of Combours, his mother and sister; and departed, in a *voiture de poste*, in company with a lady, of whom he was to take charge as far as Paris. But,—as M. de Chateaubriand, himself, says—"let the *Mémoires* speak for me."

"I never saw Combours but three times more.—At the death of my father, all his family was assembled at the chateau, to bid him farewell.—Two years

later, I accompanied my mother to Combours. She wished to furnish the old mansion; my brother was to bring thither my sister-in-law. My brother, however, did not come into Bretagne; and, soon after, he ascended the scaffold, with his young wife,\* for whom my mother had prepared the nuptial couch.—And, finally, I took the road of Combours, on my way to the port, from whence I had resolved to embark for America.

"After sixteen years of absence, and when on the point of quitting my native soil for the ruins of Greece, I went, once more, to embrace, in the midst of the Landes, my poor Bretagne, and what remained to me of my family; but I had not courage to undertake the pilgrimage to my paternal fields. Amid the heaths of Combours it is that I became what little I am;—there it is that I saw my family assemble, and there I saw them scattered. Of ten children that we were, we are now but four. My mother is dead of grief, and my father's ashes have been scattered to the winds.

"If my works shall survive me,—if I am destined to leave a name behind,—it may be that, one day, guided by these Memoirs, the traveller will pause, for a moment, amid the scenes which I have described. The chateau he may recognise; but he will seek in vain for the large cricket-ground or the great wood. They have been destroyed. The cradle of my dreams has vanished, like the dreams themselves. Solitary, and erect upon its rock, the old donjon seems to regret the oaks which surrounded it, and sheltered it from the tempests. Lonely as it, I too have seen, like it, fall around me the family which embellished my life, and lent me its shelter. Thank God, my life is not so solidly built upon the earth as are the old towers in which I passed my childhood!"

Thus ends the second day's lecture of the *Mémoires de M. de Chateaubriand*. I proceed to the third day.

I fancy it cannot be necessary for me to inform the reader that all this is but the shapeless and colourless skeleton of M. de Chateaubriand's finest work. That which I relate, I relate only by hearsay. This great history of a great man, which has reached others, all breathing and glowing, has reached me only by reflection, in a second-hand recital, and, consequently, mutilated and imperfect. Nevertheless, so lively is the interest which attaches itself to the Memoirs of M. de Chateaubriand, that the reader will thank me for having furnished him, thus long beforehand, with a few details so full of charm and nature,—all stripped though they be of their primitive clothing, and, so to speak, virgin robes. Let us, then, take up our hero, again, at the point where we left him.

We left him in a *voiture de poste, tête-à-tête* with a fair lady, journeying to Paris, for the first time,—an innocent and timid youth, having no knowledge as yet of the manners amid which he was about to live. Paris, for the most part, produces, on those different young persons who enter it, for the first time, two very different effects. The young officer, timid and visionary as he was, found himself obliged, in entering the great city, to bid adieu to his fairest dreams. Imagine him, lodged in the *rue du Mail*, at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, in a small chamber, on the third floor—alone amid all that noise—alone amid all that crowd! Happily, at the moment when his loneliness began to be most oppressive, his eldest brother entered his apartment; and, after tenderly embracing him, presented him, without delay, to his family and his friends—to M. de Malesherbes, and the literary society of Paris and of Versailles, of court and city.

M. de Malesherbes was the first man who hailed and understood the young François de Chateaubriand:—and, from that day, M. de Chateaubriand vowed to M. de Malesherbes a gratitude equal to the respect which his virtues inspired.—"The alliance which united his family to mine, procured me the frequent good fortune of being near him. It seemed to myself that I grew stronger and freer, in presence of that virtuous man,—who, amid the corruption of courts, had contrived to preserve, in an elevated rank, the integrity of his heart and the courage of the patriot. I shall long remember the last interview which I had with him. It was one morning; I found him, alone, at his grand-daughter's. He began to

\* Mademoiselle de Rosambe, grand-daughter of Mousieur de Malesherbes; executed, with her husband, on the same day as her illustrious grandfather.

speaking to me of Rousseau, with an emotion which I shared but too well. Never can I forget the venerable old man, condescending to give me his counsel, and saying—"I am wrong to entertain you with subjects like these: I should rather persuade you to moderate that warmth of soul which brought so much evil on our friend. I, too, have been once, like you; injustice revolted me. But I have learnt to do all the good I can, without reckoning on the gratitude of men. You are young, and have much to see;—for myself, I have but a short time to live."—I suppress what the overflows of an intimate conversation, and the indulgence of his own fine nature, led him to add. The pang of heart which I suffered, in quitting him, seemed to me, even then, a presentiment that I was never to see him more.

"M. de Malesherbes would have been a great man, if his exhausted health had not prevented him from appearing so. What was very remarkable in him, was the energy with which he expressed himself, in advanced old age. To see him seated, in silence, with his eyes a little sunken, his eye-brows touched with grey, and his air of goodness, you might have taken him for one of those august personages painted by the hand of Lesueur. But, touch on the sensitive chords of his heart, he rose like the lightning. His eyes instantaneously opened and grew larger. By the burning words which issued from his lips, by his air at once pensive and animated, you might have thought you looked upon a young man, in all the effervescence of that age;—but, by the bald head, and the utterance a little confused, for want of teeth, you recognized the septuagenary. This contrast doubled the charm of his conversation; as one loves the fires which glow amid the snows of winter.

"M. de Malesherbes has filled Europe with the sound of his name;—but the defender of Louis XVI. was not less admirable at the other epochs of his life, than in those latter days which crowned him with a crown so glorious. The patron of men of letters, it is to him that the world owes the *Emile*; and it is well known that he was the single man of the court, the *Maréchal de Luxembourg* alone excepted, whom Jean Jacques Rousseau sincerely loved. More than once, he beat down the gates of the Bastilles. He alone refused to bend his character to the vices of the great; and came out pure, from those offices in which so many others left their virtue behind. He has been reproached, by some, with having given into what was called the *principles of the day*. If by the "principles of the day," is meant hatred of abuses, M. de Malesherbes was, certainly, guilty. For myself, I avow that, had he been no more than a good and true gentleman, ready to sacrifice himself for the king, his master, and to appeal to his sword at all times, instead of to his religion, I should have esteemed him most sincerely;—but I would have left to others the task of pronouncing his eulogy."

From the grave *salons* of M. de Malesherbes, the young man soon found his way to those less reserved scenes frequented by the men of letters of that day. But, strange to say, in proportion as he had, at once, felt himself at ease, with the sainted old man, was he timid and trembling, in presence of certain literary reputations which, at a later period, he appreciated at their true and slender value. It is not without somewhat of a smile, that one discovers, in the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, the still vivid traces of the author's early enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which became singularly modified, afterwards, if not entirely obliterated. How many great men did he see, in those days!—M. de Fontanes, the Duc de Nivernois, the Chevalier Bertin, M. le Brun, the Chevalier de Parny—at that time a royalist and Christian poet, who had not, yet, vomited forth his *Guerre des Dieux*, on the altar of the Furies—Chamfort—whom he compares to the sages of Greece—and above all, Flins—Flins, I know not whom, nor what, but a great poet of the then present hour, whom he calls the celebrated Flins! "Epimenides," cries he, "has paid tribute to M. Flins, in furnishing him with the subject of his comedy!"—M. de Chateaubriand has, himself, since, made an excellent commentary on this note, in reference to his admiration for this same M. Flins. "Might not my exclamation be taken," says he, "for one of those grotesque apostrophes which Diderot introduced in the *History of the two Indies*, under the name of the

Abbé Raynal.—'O! shores of Aajinga, ye are nothing in yourselves, but ye have given birth to Elisa!'"

From the city, the young De Chateaubriand passed to the court—it was absolutely requisite that the young gentleman should be presented at court. Now, to be presented, it was necessary that he should be a military man, and, at the least, a captain. His brother, who was not a military man, could not, therefore, ride in the king's carriages; and it was desirable, for the honour of the family, that one man of his name should ride therein. François de Chateaubriand, however, was only a *sous-lieutenant* of infantry, in the regiment of Navarre:—he was made captain of cavalry; and, under that title, saw Louis XVI., face to face, and had the honours of the Court.—

"Louis XVI. was of a commanding height; he had broad shoulders, and a prominent stomach. He was short-sighted, his eyes half shut, his mouth large, his voice hollow and vulgar. He laughed freely and loudly. His air announced gaiety—not, perhaps, the gaiety which is the product of a superior spirit, but that joyousness, at least, which is the property of the good man, and is born of a conscience without reproach. He was not destitute of knowledge—particularly in geography. For the rest, he had his weaknesses, like other men. He loved, for example, to play tricks upon his pages; and to lie in watch, at five o'clock in the morning, to see, through the palace-windows, the *seigneurs* of the Court issue from the different apartments. If, during the hunt, you passed between the stag and him, he was subject to dangerous outbreaks. One day, of suffocating heat, an old gentleman of his suite, who had followed him to the chace, being fatigued, dismounted from his horse, and stretching himself on his back, fell asleep in the shade. Louis happened to pass in that direction, and perceiving the good gentleman, thought it amusing to awaken him. He, too, dismounted, therefore, from his horse; and, without having any intention of hurting his old servant, dropped a somewhat heavy stone on his breast. The latter awoke; and, in the first movement of pain and anger, cried out—'Ah! I recognize you well in that act; you were, ever thus, in childhood—you are a tyrant, a cruel man, a savage beast!'—and so he went on, overwhelming the king with insults. His Majesty regained his horse as quickly as possible, half laughing, half vexed to have hurt the old man, to whom he was much attached,—and merely exclaiming, as he hastened away—'Oh! he is angry—he is angry—he is angry!'"

Chateaubriand found in himself, at first, very little aptitude for the profession of a courtier.—"My character," he says, "was so antipathetic to the Court,—I had such a scorn for certain persons from whom I concealed it too little—I cared so little, as yet, about that which is called *parvenir*, that my part was much like that of the confidants in tragedies, who come in, and go out, and look on, and say nothing."

Besides, this ardent young man had too much intelligence, and too much reach of mind, to study the court, when the city presented an anxious subject for study—to look upon the past, when he had the future spread before his eyes. What to him is Versailles, while Paris is there? What to him the ancient palace of kings, while they are taking the Bastille? He will have time enough, hereafter, to weep for Louis XVI.,—who has, even now, only such time left to run his course as has the stag wounded unto the death. Leave him, therefore, to look, now, upon those who are advancing—Mirabeau, for example. For, already, he has seen Mirabeau;—he has listened, at the tribune, to that formidable lisp which grew, by little and little, into the great eloquence so well known to you. He has met Mirabeau at the tavern; where he discoursed of his amours, with that melancholy smile of his. The Mirabeau of M. de Chateaubriand,—as viewed by him, and painted by him,—must be, indeed, a fine sketch! You may imagine how Mirabeau would delight in communicating himself to that vivid soul, served by that burning glance. They dined together, frequently; and, one day, as they came forth from table, Mirabeau, who spoke of his colleagues, said to Chateaubriand, resting his two large hands on the shoulders of the young man,—“they will never pardon me my superiority over them.”

Thus, was Chateaubriand a witness to the commencement of that revolution which was destined to make the tour of the world. He saw that year 1789, whose issue was to be 1793. He saw Versailles crumbling away, and the Bastille crumbling away. He saw the commencement of the reign of orators, and the close of that of kings. He saw the eighteenth century—that great century, yet agitated beneath the glance of Voltaire, of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of Diderot—in its transition from written eloquence to spoken eloquence, from tragedy to the pamphlet, from the book to the journal. He saw how a worn-out and decrepit society falls—how it goes down to the tomb, faded and patched, like an old and restless courtesan, wasted in spirit, in pride, in heart, and in love. He heard the rising voice of the populace—the loud voice of a people, speaking French no longer, speaking no known language, and understanding but one word in any language—the word Liberty! He saw that the velvet of the throne was worn out; and that beneath that tattered velvet was a rough and bloody plank—the plank of the scaffold. He saw arrive, one day, in Paris, from Versailles, in a carriage, dragged and driven and pelted with mud by the multitude, something which wore the aspects of a man, a woman, and a child—and they were those whom the world had called a king, and a queen, and a dauphin! He saw—oh, fearful spectacle!—the first heads struck off, placed, as a bloody trophy, on the end of a pike—the quivering manifestation of a people's wrath. All this did he see—he who had come there, that he might gaze more closely at the old poetic and royal France—the France of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet—the France of Pascal and of Condé—the country of bright dames and noble knights—the smiling and magical home of the fine language of the world—the unhappy land which was about to be the prey of Danton and Marat!

Judge, then, of his alarms—judge how his spirit shrank back, appalled! Judge of his horror, when, one day, at the window of his hotel, there met his gaze the ghastly gaze of a severed head; when he felt the cold and pale face against his own pale face! At that sight, Chateaubriand forgetting all prudence, raised the cry of "murder!" The eloquence of indignation took possession of the young man, impelling him, at that hotel-window, to lift up his voice, in defence of the royalty of Louis XVI.—just as it possessed him, again, after so many a revolution past, at the tribune of the Chamber of Peers, to utter a last farewell to the royalty of Charles X.—in that touching and noble elegy by which the Peer of France bade us adieu. On that day, however, the populace, irritated by the cry of humanity, were narrowly prevented from fixing on another pike the head of the young François de Chateaubriand. They beat with violence against the door of the hotel, and were on the point of forcing it, when the rush of another multitude, drove on that multitude; for, in those days, crowd succeeded to crowd, fury to fury, one severed head to another—nothing was permanent but the scaffold,—no one secure but the executioner.

Driven out of himself, he carried his alarms to M. de Malesherbes—that noble and courageous gentleman, who preserved his coolness even to the gates of the Temple—he who was slaughtered, as the bravest and most virtuous man in France, to the end that there might remain no longer a hope, there, for any man. M. de Malesherbes, who knew better than any one living what a revolution is, had, doubtless, pity for that young man, about to get himself butchered, like so many another, by mere chance:—he drove him, therefore, out of France, upon a noble pretext. M. de Malesherbes was greatly attached to the study of geography; he had, at all times, some map or other unfolded on the table of his cabinet.—"If I were in your place," said Malesherbes—and he said it without a sigh—"if I were in your place, I would go to America. I would, there, attempt some great enterprise; I would travel for ten years."

This advice gave animation to François de Chateaubriand. He had a great idea in his heart which called him thither,—and he departed. He bade adieu to Malesherbes, and embarked at St. Malo whither his mother came, to bid him farewell. The day of his departure has an ascertained and conspicuous date in history;—Mirabeau had been dead



two days.—“My native land, good night!” then, as Lord Byron says.

In the fourth day's reading of his *Memoirs*, M. de Chateaubriand, himself, thus develops the great idea, which led him to America.—

“The voyage which I then undertook was but the prelude to another, much more important; of which, on my return, I had communicated the plan to M. de Malesherbes. I proposed to myself nothing less than to determine, by land, the great question of the North West passage. It is known that, in spite of the labours of Captain Cook and subsequent navigators, it still remains in doubt.”

Behold him, then, departed for the New World!—what matter to us the motive which led him thither? What matter to us if the northern passage be discovered or not? We are about to discover better things than a passage; we are about to make the discovery of our great poet. To every one his own task! To Captains Cook and Parry, and others, discoveries and passages, and new lands, and unknown stars in the heavens;—to the American the towns which he builds in the wilderness, the new laws which he frames, the revolutions which we send him, and which he sends us back perfected, and augmented, and aggrandized. But to our bard the wilds and rich forests of America;—to him, the mighty rivers and the flowering trees—the melancholy singing of the great untrodden woods, and the roar of the foaming cataract;—to him the desert, and the savage in the desert;—to him Chactas and Atala;—to him his poetry, his cadenced language, his profound and melancholy glance over the land which astonished him! Make a mere traveller of him? He is more than a traveller—he is a mighty poet. What need to him of any particular passage?—he knows all that land—he knows it by heart—he has seen it since creation. It is his property—his estate—his poem—his book—the chaste passion of his youth; it is to be the delicious memory of his ripe years, the touching regret of his old age. Fear not, then; the traveller will speedily give place to the poet—his great notion of geographical discoveries is soon to make way for fantasy!—And this is precisely what happened to him:—scarcely is he on the sea—scarcely has he gazed upon the sky, and the sun, and the star of the ocean, ere behold him abandoning himself to his own charming caprices. He describes the roar, and the wind, and the water, and the calm; he is enamoured of all things—the sailor on the mast-head; and, below him, the wandering swallow, at rest amid the shrouds. Nothing escapes him; his vivid glance embraces the immensity of sea and sky. As for the land, it is far away—is there any more land?—just now, he scarcely knows—nor cares—for can he not always find it, again, when he shall turn from the new marvels which surround him, to seek it?

These impressions of the sea recur everywhere, throughout the works of M. de Chateaubriand; in the *Génie du Christianisme*, in *Les Natchez*, in the *Itinéraire*, in his *Mémoires*. How does he delight to speak of the Ocean-desert!—

“To find myself in the midst of the sea, was to me as if I had not quitted my own native country:—it was as if I were carried forth upon my earliest travels by my nurse—by the confidant of my young pleasures. To me specially do those verses of Lucretius apply:—

*Tum porro puer, ut ævis projectus ab undis  
Nativus.*

Brought up as a companion of the winds and waves,—those waves, that wind, that solitude, which were my first teachers, harmonize best with the nature of my spirit and the independence of my character. Perhaps to that wild education I owe some virtue to which I might, otherwise, have been a stranger. The truth is, that no one system of education is, in itself, preferable to another. All that God doeth, he doeth well: and His Providence it is which directs us, when He calls us to play a part on the theatre of the world.”

But, even without having read the *Mémoires* of M. de Chateaubriand, it is easy enough to follow him in his voyages. His voyages are partly printed; and what makes their great charm is that they resemble an epic poem, such as might have been conceived by Tasso, and written by Sterne. Sailing from St. Malo, as we have said, the vessel which carried M.

de Chateaubriand followed the highways of the sea; and, on the 6th of May, 1791, they cast anchor before the island of Graciosa, one of the Azores. From Graciosa, the ship proceeded to Saint-Pierre; and, from thence, sailed along the coasts of Maryland and Virginia. It was on one of those sweet, calm nights, that M. de Chateaubriand discovered—not a new archipelago, but—those fine pages of the *Génie du Christianisme*, inspired by the setting sun.—“The globe of the sun, ready to sink into the waters, appeared, through the cordage of the ship, and amid that complicated tracery of frames, boundless.”—Some days after the pilot announced land;—they were off the continent of America.—

“I stood some time, with my arms crossed, looking around me, amid a confusion of feelings and ideas which I could not disentangle, then,—and cannot describe, now. That continent, hidden from the rest of the world during all the antique ages, and for a great number of modern centuries besides—the early savage destinies of that land, and its novel destinies since the day when Christopher Columbus set foot thereon—the domination of the monarchies of Europe overthrown in that new world—the old society extinguished in young America—a republic arising of a kind till then unknown, and announcing a change in the human mind and the political theory—the part which my own country had taken in these events—those seas and those rivers owing, in some degree, their independence to the flag and blood of France—a great man issuing from the very bosom at once of discords and deserts—Washington, inhabiting a flourishing city, on the spot where, a century before, William Penn had bought a strip of land from a few Indians—the United States, sending back to France, across the ocean, the revolution and the freedom which France had maintained, for them, with her arms—and finally, my own destinies, the discoveries which I was about to attempt amid those native solitudes, which still spread their vast empire beyond the narrow limits of foreign civilization—all these things were present and mingling in my mind.”

But this first movement of confusion and uncertainty past, the poet reveals himself anew. Behold him gazing, with an admiration which each object renews, on the mocking-birds, and the cardinal-birds, and the pretty noddies, and the English houses, and the squirrels, grey, black, and striped; and, amid these birds and negroes, our poet makes this reflection:—that he finds “nothing old in America save the trees, which are the sons of the soil, and Liberty, which is the mother of all human society.” Thus, he traversed the whole of the United States till, at length, he arrived at Philadelphia. As he entered the city, there entered, at the same moment, a carriage drawn by four spirited horses, driven in hand—it was the carriage of Washington.

The recital of the young traveller's interview with Washington is a master-piece of narrative.

“A small house, in the English style, just like its neighbour-houses, was the palace of the President of the United States. There were no guards at the door—not even a footman. I knocked; and the door was opened by a young servant-girl. I asked if the General were at home, and was answered in the affirmative. I replied that I had a letter to deliver to him. The servant asked my name—difficult to pronounce in English, and which she could not retain. She said to me mildly,—“Walk in, Sir!”—preceded me into one of those long narrow passages which serve for vestibules to the English houses,—and introduced me into a parlour, where she requested me to wait for the General.

“I was not agitated. Neither the grandeur of the soul, nor those of fortune, are imposing to me:—the former I reverence without being overwhelmed by them—the second inspire me with more of pity than respect. Never shall the face of living man trouble me! At the expiration of a few minutes, the General entered. He was a man of great height, of a calm and cold, rather than a noble, countenance. He is very like the engravings of him. I presented my letter, in silence; he opened it, and ran it over to the signature, which he read aloud and with an exclamation of pleasure—*le Colonel Armand!*—for thus he called, and thus had signed himself, the Marquis de la Rouairie.

“We sat down together. I explained to him, as well as I could, the motive of my voyage. He an-

swered me by monosyllables, in French or English, and seemed to listen with a sort of astonishment. I approached him, and said, with some vivacity.—“It is less difficult to discover a north-west passage than to create a people, as you have done.”—Well, well, young man! said he, giving me his hand. He invited me to dinner, for the day following; and we separated.

“I was punctual to my appointment. There were covers for five or six only. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution; and the General showed us a key of the Bastille. These keys of the Bastille were foolish toys that were, at that time, distributed in the two worlds. If Washington, like me, had seen the conquerors of the Bastille, in the kennels of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The strength and solemnity of that revolution resided not in its bloody orgies. At the revocation of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg Saint Antoine demolished the Protestant Temple at Charenton, with as much zeal as they destroyed the Church of Saint Denis, in 1793.

“Such was my meeting with that man who has liberated an entire world. Washington went down to the tomb before a little fame had attached itself to my footsteps; I passed before him as a being absolutely unknown; he was in all his glory, and I in my utter obscurity. My name, in all probability, did not dwell, for one whole day, in his memory. Yet am I happy that his eyes have rested on me: I have felt myself warmed by that glance, for all the rest of my life;—there is virtue in the glance of a great man. I have, since, seen Bonaparte;—and thus, Providence hath shown to me the two persons whom it hath been pleased to place at the head of the destinies of their respective worlds.”

And then follows that admirable parallel between Washington and Bonaparte which has no equal amid all the written parallels of antiquity;—because, to produce such, three men were wanting to antiquity—Washington, Bonaparte, and Chateaubriand. That parallel, already so magnificent in its earlier form, has been admirably improved in the *Mémoires*—perhaps for the reason that Bonaparte, in minds that approach to anything like his own stature, grows greater every day.

After having taken leave of Washington, Chateaubriand pursues his route;—the astonishment of Washington has not arrested the young man. He sets out for the country of the savages; where a secret instinct persuades him that he will surely discover something. If he still meditated on the north-west passage, it is certain that he did not meditate on it much longer. His poetic fancy was soon seated, anew, by his side—as formerly, at college, Horace and Saint Augustin triumphed over Bezout's arithmetic. I desire no other evidence to this fact than the following narration, which will hold so brilliant a place in these *Mémoires*. I would ask of all who shall read them, if it expresses the emotions of a man who thinks seriously about discovering a northern passage?

“I set out, then, for the country of the savages, embarking in the packet-boat which ascends from New York to Albany, by the Hudson river. The passengers were numerous and agreeable, consisting of several ladies and some American officers. A fresh breeze bore us gently towards our destination. On the evening of the first day, we assembled on deck, to partake of a collation of fruits and milk. The ladies sat on the benches of the poop, and the men seated themselves at their feet. The conversation did not long continue to be noisy. I have generally observed that in the presence of a fine natural picture, men sink involuntarily into silence. Suddenly, some one of the party exclaimed,—“This is the spot where Major André was executed!”—and all my silent fancies were at once dissipated. A very pretty American lady was requested to sing the romance of the unfortunate young man. She complied with our entreaties; and commenced with a timid voice, but rich and full of pathos. The sun was setting, and we were, then, amid high mountains. Here and there were seen, suspended over chasms, a few scattered cabins, which, one by one, vanished from the eye, amid clouds of mingled white and rose, that sailed horizontally along the level of the hills:—and when, occasionally there appeared above those moving clouds the peaks of the rocks

and the dark tops of the fir-trees, it was as if the gazel looked upon little islands floating in some sea. The majestic river, now flowing north and south, stretched in a direct line before us, between two banks parallel as measured platforms—then suddenly, sweeping to the west, it rolled its golden waters around the base of some mountain projecting into the stream, with all its wealth of plants, and looking like a huge bouquet of verdure fastened into a zone of blue and yellow. We were profoundly silent:—for myself I scarcely dared to breathe. No sound interrupted the melancholy song of the young voyager, save the scarcely perceptible murmur which the vessel made, as she glided through the water."

The farther the author advanced into the new world, the farther did he advance into the world of poetry. It remained for him, as yet, to arrive at the outward manifestation of the poetry which was in him, (and has made him what he is)—he who, hitherto, in the article of poetry, had enjoyed only the literary honours of the *Mercure de France*, an envied distinction, and of which he had been very proud. Let us follow him, then, into the depths of the virgin forests of America.—"When, after having passed the Mohawk, I found myself in those woods where the axe had never sounded, I fell into a sort of intoxication of feeling. I went from tree to tree, on the right hand and on the left indifferently, saying to myself—'here, no more beaten paths to pursue—no more cities—no narrow houses—no President—no republic—no kings!'—And, in order to see if, indeed, I had, at length, entered into my original rights, I gave myself up to a thousand extravagancies; to the great discontent of the big Hollander who served me as guide, and who in his heart believed me a madman."

But what, during all this time, has become of the northern passage, whose search led our poet to America?—The passage, indeed!—Hath he not met, amid the woods, with those two dark girls whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved—the charming and ingenuous types of those two daughters of the forest Atala, and the young daughter of the Natchez? Hath he not taken his evening meal with a whole tribe of savages; and slept beside their watch-fire, after drinking brandy, and smoking the calumet with the warriors? Why speak of the passage, after that? Hath he not, himself, told you that he is lost, transported, intoxicated, free—free and alone—vagabond in body as in imagination—a poet unrestrained—all a poet? Is he not pursuing, in transport,—tears in his eyes, and smiles on his lips, and happiness at his heart,—the revelation of his own genius? Doth not his spirit cry aloud—*Anch'io Anch'io*, "I, too—and I, too?"—What a drama is here!—that young man, in that young world—that lonely man, in that desert—that civilised man, escaped from Paris, (and such a Paris!) leaping and running wild as the roe-buck!—Farewell, gloom—and farewell, melancholy! He wanders, and sits down, and sleeps, and explores, and listens, and speaks, and gazes, and dreams, and shouts his own name, and smokes, and broils his own repast, and watches the sleeping children, balanced from the branches of the tree—and why speak to him of the northern passage? He has no time for it. Has he not the Falls of Niagara to see?—of which he has given two or three admirable descriptions. It is not his own fault that he did not fall into the gulf, on his first visit; or that his horse did not drag them all in, at his second. He escaped, that time, with a broken arm. Then he flings himself into Lake Erie; and, on the banks of that water, falls in with some charming snakes—some delightful serpents! He knows their habits—calls them by their names—and will, if you wish it, set them dancing, to the sound of his flute. He crosses the fifty rivers, on beautiful bridges suspended in air, by fine threads of steel and gold, woven by his own creative imagination. At times, he pauses on the brink of a lake, to watch the myriad fishes sporting in its transparent waters:—at others, his eye is caught by the bright plumage of the birds; and again, he closes his eyes that he may listen to the sound of the rivers flinging themselves into the sea—a sound so loud, that it drowned that other sound—the far sound of the Temple gate closing behind the king!

That ecstasy of his is endless—that transport without bounds. At times, he indites whole pages, which are nothing more than a string of exclamations.

Would you speak to him of the northern passage, who is stopped, for a whole day, by the most trivial obstacle? One day, in passing through a meadow, he observes a cow, extremely lean, feeding peacefully. On a sudden, three men, driving five or six fat cows, enter into the meadow, and chase away the lean cow with their sticks. At sight of this, our traveller must absolutely turn out of his road.—"A female savage, in appearance as miserable as the cow, issuing from the solitary hovel, advanced towards the affrighted animal, called it softly, and offered it something to eat. The cow ran towards her, stretching out its neck, with a little lowing of joy. The men threatened the Indian, from the distance; and she returned to her cabin. The cow followed her; but stopped at the door, where its friend crossed it, with her hand, whilst the grateful animal, in return, licked the hand that had fed it. The men had retired."—If you are like me, you will prefer details like these, to the discovery of the north-west passage.

Then, again—what think you of that amusing encounter of his, in the midst of the forest;—the *valet-de-chambre* who makes *Messieurs les Sauvages* and *Mesdames les Sauvages* dance, in their hut, to the tune of *Madelon Friguet*?

Thus, the journey of Chateaubriand through the forests, combined all the charms of the desert with many of the adventures of civilization. Many a time, seated upon Indian ruins, opposite to an English dwelling of yesterday's erection, shadowed by trees as old as the world, side by side with savages, on the bank of some river, did he take his repast of cool fruits, to the song of the pelican, and the cry of the stork lost in the clouds; and in those moments of calm of admiration, and of repose, he was as happy as a king.—"Nay, I was far more than a king. Had fate placed me on a throne, and revolution driven me from it, instead of dragging my misery through Europe, as did Charles and James, I would have said to the amateurs of sovereignty—'You are ambitious of my place? well, try the calling, if you will—you will find it less pleasant than you think. Cut each other's throats for my old mantle:—as for me, I go, to enjoy, amid the forests of America, that freedom to which you have restored me.'—Of a truth, it is difficult to look, without inquietude, on the calm and peace and enthusiasm of the youthful traveller. He has entered the wilderness so chaste, so young, so enamoured of all that is beautiful, all that is noble, and all that is good,—he has brought with him so much virtue, independence, and courage,—he is so happy, and so proud of the poetic instinct which has awakened within him,—new and armed, and overflowing in all directions,—which reveals itself by his cries, his tears, his silence, in his watches, his slumber,—beneath the open sky, in the savage hut, by the great rivers, beside the dark girls and the swarthy warriors—in the midst of men and far from them—everywhere and always,—so glorious is the spectacle of a man thus completely and unvaryingly blest, that the heart experiences a kind of fear, lest suddenly that strange and unusual happiness should vanish.

And yet, at every step that the young man takes in savage life, he involuntarily remembers that he is a gentleman—an officer—that he has ridden in the king's carriages—that he is the servant of that king, (who is, now, a prisoner far away)—that he has left behind a father, mother, relations, friends. Trees of the forest, cover him well with your sacred shade!—Birds without number and without name, pour, unceasingly, into his ear your songs of joy. Murmur, ye ancient rivers, and boom, thou mighty sea. Take him with thee, Indian, to the fishing-grounds!—woo him to the places of flowers, ye daughters of the savage!—Oh! let not the echoes of all that is doing in France reach him in those solitudes!—Mercy, at least for him—so happy—so blest, where he is. But, alas! how should the sound of France's falling throne fail to reach him, even there?

M. de Chateaubriand could not escape his destiny, even in the woods of America. Listen to his recital of the manner in which the noise of that crumbling empire reached him in the desert.—"In wandering from forest to forest, I had approached the American clearings. One evening, I observed, on the banks of a small stream, a farm built with the trunks of trees. I demanded hospitality; and it was accorded me.

"Night came. The dwelling was lighted only by the flame from the hearth. I seated myself in a corner of the chimney; and whilst my hostess prepared the supper, bending down my head, I amused myself with reading by the light of the fire, an English journal which had fallen on the ground. My eye fell upon these words, in large letters, *FLIGHT OF THE KING!* It was the narrative of the escape of Louis XVI., and the arrest of the unfortunate monarch, at Varennes. The journal gave an account, also, of the progress of emigration, and the reunion of almost all the officers, under the flags of the French princes. I seemed to hear the voice of honour which called me;—and I abandoned my projects."

The poet, here, does not tell all—he did far more, on that day, than "abandon his projects." He abandoned his poetry;—he took leave of his beloved forests;—he renounced that new land of which he first had discovered the poetical side—he bade adieu to all that he had seen, and to all that he had, yet, to see. Farewell to the mountains—and to the valleys—and to the waterfalls—and to the dwellers in the forest! The poet carries away with him *Atala*, and *Les Natchez*; and returns, from that peaceful and verdant land, to that same Paris, worn out and ground down, and broken and revolutionized, which had made him tremble in 1789—and was, now, arrived at 1792!—I do not think any young man ever gave a greater proof of resignation, of courage, and of devotion to his principles.

Arrived, again, at Philadelphia, for the purpose of embarking, the first thing which reminded him that he was a man belonging to the civilized world, was the want of money to pay his passage. An honest captain consented to carry him to Europe, on his word,—and he embarked. A tempest drove him, in nineteen days, on the coast of France; where he was half shipwrecked between the islands of Guernsey and Origny. What a tempest is that, in his description. It is by the account of this tempest that M. de Chateaubriand closes the fourth book of his *Mémoires*.—When a Dutch vessel is assailed by the tempest, officers and sailors shut themselves up in the womb of the vessel:—all the hatches are closed. The only living thing left on deck is the dog of the ship, to bark at the storm. But the officers and sailors drink and smoke, waiting under shelter till the tempest pass away. The storm hurls, the dog ceases to bark, and then the crew re-ascend the deck.—"And thus, I," he adds, "am the ship-dog whom the Restoration has left on deck, to warn it of the progress of the storm, while it placed itself under shelter."—You will see, no doubt, that this is not the actual phraseology of M. de Chateaubriand—that, in fact, I spoil it; but that may be pardoned to one who has it only by hearsay, and whose recollection thereof is built only upon a recollection.

Before proceeding to the fifth day, it is proper to inform you that each new book of these *Mémoires* is commenced by a magnificent exordium. This work, which so admirably reflects the life of the greatest writer of our age, was begun long ago. It has been often interrupted, often resumed,—in one place and another, under tents, in palaces, in the *Vallee aux loupes*, in the *Rue d'Enfer*, in the hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in Berlin, in London,—everywhere. It has been written amid many a vicissitude of fortune, but ever with an equal mind. Whatever be the period of his life which the author is narrating, he is, always, careful, before entering upon the recital of the past, to transport us to the then present moment. Those introductions are splendid pieces of oratory:—which, at the same time are not interruptions, or foreign to the matter; but enter, on the contrary, deeply into the principal narrative—so admirably are they adapted to designate the hour, the place, the instant, the disposition of soul and mind, in which the author thinks, writes, and relates.

To resume, then, the course of our narrative:—Immediately after his marriage (for he married soon after his return), M. de Chateaubriand set off, with his wife, for Paris; where they were lodged at the back of the church of Saint Sulpice, in the *Cul de sac, Féron*. There it was that M. de Chateaubriand attained to the dignity of history, and took the very highest rank amongst the painters of the picturesque school. What a spectacle did the Paris of 1792 present! He saw it all—he traversed it from



one end to the other—he stood face to face with all its men of blood—he heard all its clamours, its wild cries, its hideous vociferations—at the tribune, in the theatres, in the Palais Royal, in the streets, and in the journals. He saw Robespierre, and Marat, and Danton. He was present at the sittings of the Jacobin Club. If you are at all acquainted with the rich colouring and lofty style of M. de Chateaubriand, you may form some idea of the picturesque pages, in which he exhibits to us that vast and dimly-lighted church—at once gloomy and turbulent—the bats, the once peaceful dwellers in those damp vaults, screaming fearfully, at the voices of the orators of the Mountain, and so completely overpowering the sound of those terrible voices, that they were obliged to resort to a singular mode of obtaining silence, by every now and then firing off muskets in the air. No feature of all that gloomy spectacle escapes M. de Chateaubriand—not even the tribune, composed of two planks, crossed one upon the other, like a sort of preparatory scaffold—not the instruments of the old abolished torture, hung up at the speaker's back—an unexpected, but most fitting decoration of those funeral discourses and votes; for in that place it was that, each day, were pronounced innumerable sentences of death.

At this period, however, the remnant of French society, which had not already committed itself in the "madness of Coblenz," driven to desperation, fled from France, to unite in a last, criminal, and fruitless attempt. And here, M. de Chateaubriand, who is a great politician, at the same time that he is a great painter, pauses to inquire how far the emigration was justified. It is certain that this grave question must have very earnestly interested him, since he evokes, to aid him in its solution, the great shade of Malesherbes—an evocation in the antique style, to that species of dialogue, so often attempted by the highest intellects, since the time of Plato. That same question of the emigration had, however, previously, been treated, with great ability, by M. de Chateaubriand.—"I have asked myself this question, in writing the *Siège des Trente*—why is Thrasylbulus exalted to the very skies, if the French emigrants are to be considered debased to the lowest degree? The cases are strictly the same. The fugitives from both countries, forced into exile by persecution, took arms, on the soil of the stranger, in favour of the ancient constitution of their country. Words cannot change the nature of things; and, though the former fought for democracy, and the latter for monarchy, yet the fact itself remains, still, the same.

"A worthy stranger, at the corner of his own fire-side, in a peaceful land, secure that he shall get up in the morning as he has lain down in the evening, in quiet possession of his fortune, with his door well fastened, friends within and safety without, will prove to you, over his wine, that the French emigrants were to blame, and that a man should never abandon his country;—and that worthy stranger argues consistently. He is at his ease—persecuted by no one; he takes his walk where he will, without fear of being insulted—far less assassinated; no one sets fire to his house, nor hunts him like a wild beast,—all because his name happens to be James instead of Peter,—and because his grandfather, who died forty years ago, had the right of sitting in a church-pew, with two or three harlequins in livery at his back. Certainly, such stranger very reasonably concludes that a man is wrong to quit his country.

"But it is for the unfortunate alone to judge of the unfortunate:—the puffed-up heart of prosperity cannot understand the sensitive feelings of misfortune. If what the emigrants suffered in France be dispassionately considered, where is the man, however prosperous to-day, who, laying his hand upon his heart, shall dare to say,—'I would not have done as they did?'

"The persecution commenced, simultaneously, in every part of France; and let it not be supposed that *opinion* was its moving-cause. Had you been the very best of democrats, the most extravagant of patriots, it sufficed that you bore a name known to be noble, to draw down upon you persecution, and incendiarism, and 'the lantern.'—Witness the Lameths, and so many others, whose property was devastated, although revolutionists themselves, and members of the Constituent Assembly."

Sure I am, however,—and you will see that I am

right, if the misfortunes of our time should ever, again, raise the question,—that however solemn M. de Chateaubriand's new apology for emigration, he himself, will not, again, consent to quit the land, in the day of its danger. He knows too well, now, that the death of a citizen on the scaffold, if that scaffold be reared within the walls, is more useful than the life of a man without the walls, and in the ranks of the foreigner.

However, in the midst of that city—furious against all who bore the rank of gentlemen—each day brought added danger to M. de Chateaubriand. The capital was anything but one of those asylums, in which each man might eat, in peace, the melancholy morsel of bread which, yet, remained to him. It was vain for our poet to combat longer—yield he must—he must depart. Once more, however, he was in want of money. M. de Chateaubriand had no other fortune than the *assignats* of his wife's portion. How, then, was he to get away from Paris? After some trouble, he found a notary of the *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*, who consented to lend him twelve thousand francs: for these twelve thousand francs he went, himself, to the *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*; and, with this sum in his portfolio, was returning home, when, in the *Rue Féron*, he met with one of his friends. They chatted, and walked on together. To be brief, M. de Chateaubriand, whether from weakness, or *ennui*, or curiosity, was induced to enter a gaming-house, in the *Rue de Richelieu*, with his friend. There he played, and lost the entire sum in his possession, with the exception of fifteen hundred francs;—nay, more, he was risking his own head, and that of his friend. Luckily, however, his presence of mind returned; he quitted the game, entered a *fiacre*, and was driven to the *Rue Féron*. Alone with his wife, he sought in his pocket for the portfolio—but no portfolio was there: he had left it in the *fiacre*, with his last fifteen hundred francs! What was to become of him?—what to be done?—He rushed out, instantly, to the *Place Saint-Sulpice*; and was informed, by two children at play there, that the *fiacre*, which he sought, had just left the stand, with a fare. After some inquiries he succeeded in learning the residence of the coachman; and proceeded to his house, determined to wait at his door for his return. At two o'clock in the morning, the coachman came home; the carriage was searched,—but no portfolio! The coachman had driven, in the course of the evening, three *sans-culottes*, and one young priest, whose abode he pointed out; and thus M. de Chateaubriand had just one chance, out of four, for the recovery of the miserable remnant of his money. He returned home, however; and, as his mind is one of that courageous class which can face the worst of a subject, without suffering itself to be shaken, he slept as soundly that night as he might have done in the hut of the savage, where money is unknown. The next day, he was awakened by a young abbé, who inquired if he were the Chevalier de Chateaubriand; at the same time restoring to him the pocket-book which contained his fifteen hundred francs.—With this sum, they departed for Brussels—he, his eldest brother, and a servant.

This servant they had dressed as a citizen; and, in the *diligence*, and at the *table-d'hôte*, treated him as one of their friends. The poor man, confounded by these unaccustomed honours, adapted himself but very awkwardly to his novel dignity. Scarcely did he dare to sit down, or eat, before his master:—he alternated from the most profound respect, to the most vulgar and ludicrous familiarity. Over and above all this, the servant had a habit of talking in his sleep; and said aloud, at night, in the hearing of all the travellers in the *diligence*, that which he had taken so much pains to conceal during the day. His talk, in his slumbers, was all about counts, and marquises, and *seigneurs*. At length, one night, near Cambray, half-smothered by his secret, and driven almost beside himself, he resolved to escape from a constraint which he felt to be insupportable; and calling out to the coachman to stop, the door was opened to him, and he fled across the fields, without giving any warning, and without his hat. M. de Chateaubriand had some difficulty to persuade the *conducteur* that he might proceed, without awaiting the return of their travelling-companion. The day following, the servant was taken, put under arrest, and flung into prison; and his deposition,

unskillful rather than malevolent, afterwards procured the condemnation to death of the brother of Chateaubriand.

The two brothers, however, arrived, without further accident, for the present, at Cambray. They were described, in their passports, as wine-merchants, contractors for the Army of the North. From Cambray, they easily made their way to Brussels. Brussels was filled with Royalists,—being the general rendezvous of the Army of the Princes. The talk was all of victories, and triumphs, and restoration, and dignities, and privileges, and the old Court. To hear these blind gentlemen, they were going to replace the king on his throne to-morrow; they wished to have all the glory, and all the profits, of the achievement to themselves,—every new comer was an incumbrance, as a companion useless, and, therefore, dangerous. The emigrants were already split into two parties—the early comers and the late; and to the early comers belonged exclusively, as they contended, the right of restoration. M. de Chateaubriand and his brother, therefore, were very ill received at the Army of the Princes:—they were asked, what they wanted?—whence they came?—why they had put themselves to so much trouble, so greatly out of season? and why they had not, rather, awaited patiently the return of the Royal army, since they were all bound for Paris?

Thus were they received by their allies and brethren. In vain did M. de Chateaubriand seek to enter into his own regiment—the regiment of Navarre, which was, then, in the Army of the Princes:—the ranks closed so determinedly against him, that he joined one of the Breton companies which were about to undertake the siege of Thionville. This was the moment of compensation for the young adventurer. If, formerly, the Sub-lieutenant of Infantry had been made Captain of Cavalry, that he might have the *entré* of the royal carriages,—on the present occasion, he became, again, a common soldier, that he might fight for the king. With a knapsack on his back, and an old musket, without a lock, over his arm, he set out. For the sake of being more presentable, he wore his white uniform; and was making the best of his way along, when he met Frederick William, the King of Prussia, on horseback—who said to him, "Whither are you going?"—"I am going to fight," said the other. "I recognize the Nobility of France," said the King of Prussia; and bowing, passed on his way.

The young soldier pursued his route, bearing his knapsack lightly along, and dreaming poetry, till the time should come when he might fight. The enemy, on this occasion, was, for M. de Chateaubriand, a sort of north-west passage, of which he was in search. He marched towards the foe, as he had gone in pursuit of his geographical problem, at hazard, and in a dream. Fancy leads and rules him ever. How many a time must he have regretted his America!—"The Bourbons had no need that a younger brother of Bretagne should come from beyond seas, to offer them his obscure devotion. If, continuing my journey, I had lighted my hostess's lamp with the journal which changed the current of my life, no one would have noticed my absence, for no one knew of my existence. A simple dispute between me and my conscience dragged me back on to the theatre of the world. I might have done as I pleased, since I was the sole witness of the debate. But, of all witnesses, that is the one before which I should most fear to blush."

He arrived, at length, beneath the walls of Thionville. The town was occupied by republicans; who put a good face on the matter, and refused to tremble before a body of royalists, wearied out, half dead with hunger, and ill trained—who knew little of fighting save in duels, or beyond the chase of the stag;—young men who were brave enough, but had learned neither prudence nor skill in their bravery, and continually exposed themselves to the mockery of the besieged town. The first time they fired their howitzers, the balls fell six feet short of the wall. The royalist army, however, did what it could to establish the siege. It raised tents, dug trenches, placed sentinels, held reviews, and fired, when it had guns and powder. M. de Chateaubriand joined the patrols, like the other common soldiers. Those gentlemen who were accustomed to beating the covers for game, went about, musket in hand, groping in

the bushes and thickets, with the end of their gun-barrels,—as if they expected to set up a *blue-coat*, or start a republican. To this soldiering trade, each man amongst them had brought his own elegant habits and tastes, and his select phrases, so charming of old. The picture of this Camp of Thionville is a *tableau de genre* of exquisite subtlety and minuteness. As for M. de Chateaubriand, in the meantime until his musket should have a lock, he surrendered himself up luxuriously to his poetical reveries: he turned, now, his soldier-life to account—as, formerly, he had turned his savage-life. All the contrasts of the scene before him he converted to profit:—here, nature calm, beautiful, gemmed, and sparkling beneath the rays of the rising sun; and yonder, men in rags, pale, haggard, armed, and about to massacre each other for the sake of opinions:—trees that bore flowers, and muskets that bore bayonets—the murmur of the stream, and the drum beating to battle. All these impressions have, since, been conveyed to us, breathing of life, and coloured with the fires of youth, in one of the finest books of *Les Martyrs*.

When evening came, his companions chatted, and gamed, and laughed, and played the *grand seigneur*, beneath the tent:—Chateaubriand mused and dreamt—already he was at work upon *Atala*. One day, the manuscript of *Atala*, which he carried in his knapsack, was pierced by a ball, and his life was saved by that shield:—but, says he, after recording this incident, and in his own pleasant manner,—“*Atala* had yet to stand the fire of the Abbé Morrell.”

It was necessary, however, that the siege of Thionville should come to an end:—the siege of Troy had an end. The siege of Thionville finished like the siege of Troy,—with this difference, that, in the case of Thionville, it was the besiegers who were tired of it, first. To hunger and fatigue was now added a frightful dysentery, which was known by the name of the *mal des Prussiens*. The besieging army dispersed, therefore, each man in his own direction. The day on which he quitted the camp, M. de Chateaubriand was wounded; so that he had, at the same moment, a wound in his leg, the small-pox, and the *mal des Prussiens*, for the melancholy companions of his march. However, his courage failed him not. He marched, as long as he was able to crawl; when he passed through any town, the way to the hospital was generally pointed out to him—but he still went straightforward. At Namur, a poor woman, seeing him trembling beneath the fever, had pity on him, and threw a wretched rug over his shoulders:—he smiled to the old woman, and proudly continued his route, wrapped in his eleemosynary covering. At length, he fell into a ditch. While lying there, immovable and senseless, the company of the Prince de Ligne came up. Luckily, one of the party took it into his head to approach the body; some remains of life were found in it, and the poet was flung into a waggon. The waggon deposited him at the gates of Brussels; and, on coming to himself, he entered the city. He knocked, first, at the gate of the hotel in which he had, formerly, lodged; but the door was shut in his face. He wandered on, from hotel to hotel, from house to house, repulsed on the threshold of each. What, forsooth, had the inhabitants of Brussels to do with this dying man? Brussels has, since, enriched herself with the piracy of his works:—but she is a city which has not the habit of succouring, for a single day, the writers whom she robs so coolly.

At length, utterly exhausted, he laid himself down at the door of the nearest inn,—with the intention of dying, in his rug, on its threshold. But, as he lay there, a carriage passed by, and in that carriage was his brother!—His brother had 1200 francs in his pocket; and he gave the half to François: but, notwithstanding his twenty-five louis, François was not received into the fine hotel:—a compassionate barber consented to take him into his humble dwelling. There he bade adieu to his brother; and his brother returned to France—to die there.

As for himself, his wound, dressed with such skill as he could command, (for many shrunk from undertaking the care of it, for fear of the double malady which had possession of him), healed at length. His health was restored, at the same time; and, reduced to the most absolute destitution, he resolved to repair to the island of Jersey, for the pur-

pose of rejoining the royalists of Bretagne. With a little money which he contrived to borrow, he made his way to Ostend.—“At Ostend, I met with several Bretons, my fellow-countrymen and comrades, who had formed the same plan as myself. We freighted a small bark, for Jersey; in the hold of which we were crowded together. The rough weather, the want of air and space, and the motion of the sea, completed the utter prostration of my strength; and wind and tide compelled us to put into Guernsey.

“As I was thought to be dying, my companions carried me ashore, and placed me against a wall, with my face towards the sun, that I might yield up my last breath. A seaman’s wife, passing by, was moved with compassion for me, and summoned her husband; who, with the help of two or three other English sailors, carried me into the house of a fisherman, where I was placed in a bed. To this act of charity, in all probability, I owe my life. The next day, I was re-embarked on board our Ostend sloop; and, when we arrived in Jersey, I was in a complete delirium. I was received there by a maternal uncle, the Comte de Bédée, and lingered, for several months, between life and death.

“In the spring of 1793, believing myself strong enough to take up arms again, I passed over to England; where I hoped to find some direction from the Princes. But my health, instead of strengthening, continued to decline; my chest became affected, and I breathed with difficulty. Able physicians, whom I consulted, pronounced that I might linger on thus, for some weeks,—perhaps for some months,—it might be, for some years,—but that I must renounce all fatigue, and must, in any event, not reckon on long existence.”

And here, Chateaubriand gives way to one of those unexpected bursts of whim which give so much vivacity and originality to his conversation.

“Room,” says he, “for his Excellency, Monseigneur le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador to London, Grand-officer of the Legion of Honour, &c.”! And then he speaks of the city crowding to meet him, and the guard of honour appointed to attend him, and all the authorities of the time, forming his escort,—and adds,—“And this is he who entered London, as a young man, forty years ago, poor and naked, a fugitive, known of none, sick, and sentenced to death by the most skilful physicians!”

The *Mémoires de M. de Chateaubriand* are filled with these pleasant whimsies. Many of them are, already, quoted and handed about. He is one who loves contrasts, and lets none escape him. We have just seen him magnifying the Peer of France and Ambassador, over the friendless poet entering London poor and unknown:—see him, now, placing side by side two mortuary extracts—the one of his father, and the other of his mother. When the old Lord died in his old manor house, he died in time, still, to receive all the honours due to his birth. The registers of his parish contain the following.—“Today, (such a date), died, in his chateau, Monseigneur, the very noble Vicomte René-Auguste de Chateaubriand, Lord of Combours, and other places.” He was buried in the choir of the church, beneath a marble slab, on which were inscribed his armorial bearings—but which did not long retain them. By the side of this pompous register of death, M. de Chateaubriand places that of his mother,—with what a melancholy smile, and what tender regret, may well be imagined!

“Extract from the register of deaths, in the town of Saint-Servan, 1<sup>re</sup> Arrondissement of the Département d’Ille-et-Vilaine, for the year 6 of the Republic; fo. 35, v<sup>o</sup>—wherein is written as follows:—

“The 12th Prairial, year 6, of the French Republic, before me Jacques Bourdasse, municipal officer of the Commune of Saint-Servan, chosen public officer the 4th Prairial last, appeared Jean Boslé, gardener, and Joseph Bouslier, journeyman, majors in age, and respectively dwelling in this Commune:—the which have declared to me, that Apolline-Jeanne-Suzanne de Bédée, born in the Commune of Bourseuil, the 7th April, 1726, daughter of the late Ange-Annibal de Bédée, and of Renique-Jeanne-Marie de Ravenel, wife of René-Auguste de Chateaubriand, died, at the residence of Citoyenne Gouillon, situate at la Ballue, in this Commune, this day, at one o’clock in the afternoon. In pursuance of this declaration, of the

truth of which I have assured myself, I have drawn up the present *acte*, which Jean Boslé, alone, has signed, along with me, Joseph Bouslier having declared that he is unable to sign.”

Here stop the *Mémoires* of M. de Chateaubriand. Their reading, often interrupted by shouts of admiration and by tears, found deep and lively sympathy in the breasts of the auditory. That lengthened review of a life so crowded with facts and ideas, could not fail to produce its ineffaceable impression. The early career of the young man who was, one day, to be M. de Chateaubriand, was rich in sure presages of that glory which is the purest of our times. There is something of all kinds in this book:—the memories of a young man, related with the gravity of an old one,—the infant story of him for whom posterity hath, already, begun,—the disappointments of youth, brought into companionship with the chagrins of old age,—the passionate regrets of twenty-five with the profound regrets of seventy:—in one place, the picture of a departing monarchy, and in another that of the same monarchy coming back:—here, a young man returning home, after the day of Varennes, to die with his king,—there, an old man, in disgrace with the Court, departing again, after the day of Cherbourg, mourning for that royalty which is the object of his love, his poetry, and his faith. These were recitals full of power over the young hearts, and ardent spirits, and noble ladies,—over all that exclusive society, in fact, which hides itself within the shades, half-sacred and half-profane, of the *Abbaye-aux-bois*.

The *Mémoires* of M. de Chateaubriand stop at his first visit to England. In England it was that his literary life (properly so called) commenced,—by that work of his which has given rise to so many controversies, and which was the revelation of a writer, even then of the first order—the *Essai sur les Révolutions*. The portion of the memoirs which formed the last day’s reading, contains, also, the history of his late journey to the asylum of the exiled Charles X. Just now, he is occupied in writing his most recent recollections, (which are the most painful of all,) previously to going back to the point at which he had formerly broken off. The memories of forty years ago he is sure enough to retain:—but can he feel certain of recalling all that has befallen him since 1830? How thronged a scene of events, misfortunes, perjuries, and reverses, have the intervening years presented! Therefore does he hasten to describe all that he has seen and learnt, in these latter days; and, that painful task discharged, he will return, with renewed enthusiasm and delight, to the more poetical misfortunes of his youth.

And it is worthy of remark, that the period over which these *Mémoires* extend, the epoch from 1789 to 1834, is one which embraces, in itself, more revolutions, and changes, and disasters—more glory and heavier reverses—than any three entire centuries, choose, in our history, where else you will. From 1789 to 1834, France has worn out more illustrious men, sounded more high names, and created more brilliant reputations, than all the other nations of Europe collectively, for 100 years past. In presence of so many facts to be examined, so many revolutions to be narrated, and so many men to be reviewed and judged, it will surely be admitted, that never did historian—even among the historians of antiquity—undertake a task more lofty, more imposing, or more difficult.

Never, in fact, did the annals of the world offer, upon a single point, so great a confusion of facts and principles; never has that world seen, within so short a space of time, so many illustrious men rise and die. Formerly, when masses of men presented themselves to the historian, as the inert but imposing pedestals on which arose a few scattered and directing intelligences—those masses impelled, as it were, by destiny, from the cradle to the grave—the task of the historian was comparatively easy. The masses, themselves, at rest,—the historian had leisure to contemplate the ruling spirits which they bore aloft:—and when the masses were in movement, the historian still contented himself with watching the leading fact, and observing how far humanity fulfilled satisfactorily its allotted task, and trod with a firm step on its journey to the tomb. This made the labour light to the historians of past times. But, now—adays, when each man of the people has a voice of his



own—when every member of the multitude has his separate individuality—when each man's opinion is an opinion, and each man's will a will—when the populace is no longer a beast with a thousand heads, but a many-headed *man*—where is he who can look steadily in the face of this new inhabitant of the world of history?—who judge this young power, of the growth of yesterday? You perceive that, from the hour in which the People came seriously upon the scene of the world, history, strictly speaking, and in its ancient personality, is for ever dead. The heroes are changed, and history has changed with them. He who would now write history should be one who has acted much, seen much, and been much seen:—he should be old, and conspicuous for some quality—or else for some defect. He should have shared, too, in the vicissitudes of the history which he narrates. Thus it is that M. de Chateaubriand, in merely writing, as he supposes, his own memoirs, will, in fact, have written neither more nor less than the entire history of the nineteenth century.

We may conclude, then, that if there never was an epoch more inaccessible to the historian than ours, never, at the same time, was there one which will have a more complete and admirable history. At the same moment that M. de Chateaubriand is writing his memoirs, M. de Talleyrand is likewise writing his. Fancy M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Talleyrand both harnessed to the same epoch,—the one representing it, in a poetical and royalist sense—the other, being its political and utilitarian expression:—one, the heir of Bossuet, the conservator of the religious principle—the other, the heir of Voltaire, who never knelt save to the genius of doubt:—one, looking at the past, from the vantage-ground of the future—the other, clinging to the present, as the future's master:—one, enthusiastic and convinced—the other, ironical, yet ever ready to be persuaded:—one, eloquent in the tribune, in his books, and everywhere,—the other, eloquent only in a *tête-à-tête*, in his *fauteuil*, by the corner of his fire:—one, a man of genius, and ever proving it,—the other, always seeking to pass for a wit:—one, filled with the love of humanity,—the other, less of an egotist than the world thinks him:—one, good,—the other, less wicked than he would make it appear:—one, the child of impulses,—the other, halting, yet always arriving first—by accident—he knows not how:—one, showing himself at all times, while the other conceals himself; speaking, while the other is silent,—the other, who arrives always at the very moment when he *should* arrive; not seen nor heard,—yet, being everywhere, seeing everything, knowing almost all things:—one, intelligent of heart,—the other, intelligent of head:—one, a gentleman amongst the people,—the other, a gentleman amongst gentlemen—who has been always a gentleman, and will die a gentleman—the last of the old gentlemen of France:—one, having partisans and enthusiastic admirers,—the other, having no confidants—having only flatterers, and relations, and valets:—one, loved, and adored, and sung of,—the other, half dreaded:—one, always young,—the other, always old:—one, always beaten,—the other, always victorious:—one, the victim of all losing causes,—the other, the hero of all winning sides:—one, who will die no one knows how or where,—the other, who will certainly die a prince, and in his own house, with an archbishop by his bedside:—one, who has never separated himself from the crowd,—the other, who knows not what a crowd means:—one, a great writer, of established repute,—the other, a great writer, without its being suspected:—one, who has written his memoirs, to read them to his friends,—the other, who has written his, to hide them from his friends:—one, who refuses to publish, through caprice,—the other, who declines to publish, because his memoirs will not be completed, till a week after his death:—one, who has seen things from on high, and from a distance,—the other, who has examined them underneath, and close at hand:—one, who has been the *premier gentilhomme* of contemporary history, and beheld it in full dress,—the other, who has been its *valet-de-chambre*, and knows all its sore places and secret wounds:—one, who has lived, always, ten years in advance of his time,—the other, who has been, always, ten years behind:—the one, called simply, Chateaubriand,—the other, the Prince de Bénévent! Such are the two men whom the nineteenth century points out, beforehand, as its two

most formidable judges,—its two most indisputable appreciators,—the two historians, of opposite views and character, on whose report it will be judged by posterity!

[To be continued.]

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We are happily rescued from our own dulness, in the shape of an avowal that neither literature nor art affords any novelty on which we may gossip,—by a correspondent who writes from Geneva.

"The time we live in is such, that he who travels not only to seek natural beauties, treasures of art, or monuments of antiquity in foreign countries, but to observe the present condition of foreign nations, may be less forcibly struck by the beauty of eternal landscapes, or the historic interest of spots hallowed by great deeds, than by the pleasant spectacle of general peace, embellishing the earth, pervading all classes of men with healthful activity, and employing the genius of man to restore and to create. It would seem as if a term of many years was required to teach men to lay aside the habits of less happy times, and to apply themselves heartily and hopefully to the work before them; for the arts of peace, like a grove newly planted, are slow to strike their roots into the soil, and to spread into vigorous shoots. Accordingly, the last seven years, notwithstanding the perils with which the political horizon has been overcast, have done more than the preceding fifteen to increase the prosperity of European nations. That great and pacific invention of steam communication, which providentially coincided with the commencement of a new era in Europe, has now provided easy lines for traffic and intercourse. The principles which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, are become truths, familiar to governments and the governed, guiding the power by which social combinations are regulated, and stimulating the industry by which the resources of nations are augmented. Nor have the arts been wanting to complete and adorn the work of the time; but whilst luxury and present comfort have increased, they have given us worthier shapes and symbols of the venerable and the beautiful.

"Such are the signs of change and improvement which are to be traced in every part of the great valley of the Rhine, from the mouth to the source of that mighty river. The waters and the hills which, in former times, served for the subsistence and the defence of petty chieftains in their separate castles, and, at a later period, as the barrier of conflicting armies, are now become the highway of Europe. The blooming Palatinate is once more the garden of Germany, richer and fairer now than before it was blasted by the fire and sword of Louis and Louvois. The Prussian league of commerce has extended its influence to the borders of Switzerland, abolished the fiscal barriers which divided the lesser states, and opened the wide market of Germany to the ingenious peasant of the Black Forest, the wine-grower of the Rhine, the wool-grower of Saxony, up to the remote ports of the Baltic. The cities, too, have borne their part. I have spoken to you, on former occasions, of the painters of Düsseldorf, and the architects of Cologne. At Freyburg, in Brisgau,—whose cathedral is the only specimen of the delicate and beautiful conceptions of the Rhine architects which ever rose to its completion,—additions and alterations have been introduced within the last few years, which are not unworthy of the original builders of the Church. A high altar, supporting three noble pictures by Holbein, in a lofty Gothic trellis work, of exquisite lightness, in imitation of the carved wooden altars of the Nuremberg artists, has recently been erected: the great western window, and several windows of the nave, have been restored with new stained glass, whose colours vie with the intense ruby, the glowing green, and the deep blue of the middle ages; so that the entire edifice is lighted through painted glass, and no profane ray of white light invades the dim grandeur of the sanctuary: the choir has been surrounded by Gothic screens of white stone, and it is now adorned with four monuments to as many princes of the house of Zähringen, benefactors to the Church, and once lords of the beautiful lands of the Brisgau. In another part of the town, a new Protestant Church has

recently been commenced, on a magnificent scale, whose broad, round arches, Byzantine fronts, and square tower, resembling, in some respects, the lesser churches of Cologne, form an apt contrast to the venerable grace and the elaborate splendour of its Catholic sister.

"On entering Switzerland, the same universal marks of public improvement are everywhere visible: at Zurich, the fortifications, which sheltered Massena in the memorable revolutionary war, have almost disappeared, to make way for stone houses, bridges, vines, and the dwellings of substantial burghers. At Berne, a project is on foot for uniting the upper part of the town with the heights on the other side of the Aar, by an immense suspension bridge; and a similar bridge has already been erected at Fribourg, across the precipitous valley which rendered the approach to that city, from the side of Berne, so difficult.

"But neither the wealth of mercantile Zurich, nor the splendour of patrician Berne, (now, indeed, sorely changed by the violence of democratic reaction, and the arrogance of a tyrannical tribune,) nor the zeal of Catholic Fribourg, have given such remarkable proofs of public improvement as the city from which these lines are dated. The political history of modern Europe, or, indeed, of the world, does not present us with a more interesting or singular fact, than the long and able maintenance of the national independence of this little community of Geneva, in the presence of dangers and revolutions which have swallowed up kingdoms, annihilated princely houses, and dispersed nations. Unprotected by arms, exposed to the inroads of several neighbours as civilized and far more powerful than itself, perpetually resorted to by strangers of different races, manners, and religion, Geneva has kept her humble, but sufficient, place in the family of European states. In the persons of Calvin and of Rousseau, she exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the two great epochs of revolution which have agitated the world. Her citizens have been called upon at various times to direct the rise of empires with Peter the Great, or to sway the fatal doctrines of France, from Necker to Marat: her merchants have explored the resources of every country on the globe; yet neither power nor wealth can alienate the early affections of her children; and we have seen men, whose manhood had been devoted to the highest labours of European statesmanship, science, and literature, return contentedly to end their days in the tiny routine of their native city. These peculiarities, with many others which I have not space to point out, may be attributed to the skillful distribution of power, (difficult in a small state, impossible in a large one,) by which every citizen enjoys a share of influence apportioned to his qualifications for using it well: to the domestic feeling which softens the asperities, and lightens the burdens of public life: to the facility with which enterprising and ambitious spirits seek their career abroad, whilst the more persevering citizens guard the mother nest: and to the strong influence which religious faith and simple manners, deprived of their ancient asceticism by facilities and habits of social enjoyment, exercise upon the Genevese.

"Within the last four years the changes in the external appearance of the city have been very great. The banks of the Rhone, where its blue and rapid waters dash from the calm expanse of the lake, were encumbered with mean buildings, inhabited by the lowest classes of the population,—the butchers of the shambles, and the boatmen of the port. A small and unfrequented island, in the middle of the stream, afforded insecure moorings to a few clumsy barks; and the river could only be crossed by two small bridges lower down. The whole of this quarter has now been swept away, to make room for two handsome quays, and rows of lofty and commodious houses; a long bridge, connected with the little *Ile des Barques*, crosses the stream; and the island itself, flanked with free-stone abutments, and planted with trees, has been dedicated to Rousseau, whose statue has been erected upon it. Little can be said in praise of this statue, which is the work of the celebrated Genevese artist, Pradier. You will imagine, perhaps, that the sculptor has represented his immortal and unhappy countryman erect, rapt in eager meditation, and looking with the eloquent gesture of a child and friend of Nature towards those beautiful

and terrible mountains, amidst which he wandered in impassioned youth. You may fancy him pointing with one hand, in token of affectionate upbraiding, to the city of his birth, and holding in the other the scroll of burning thoughts which he was wont to carry with him in his solitary walks. Instead of this, they have made him a stern-visaged sage, seated in his Roman toga, on a stool, supported by ponderous folios, in the garb and attitude of a stoic. A stranger requires to be told (for there is no inscription on the pedestal) that this is Rousseau. In the exhibition of pictures which has just opened, it is impossible not to remark the same want of ideal power among the Genevese artists: M. Hornung, who painted a picture of the death of Calvin some years ago, which deserves to rank high among modern historical pictures, has deviated from his former track to imitate the minute handling and the transparent finish of the Dutch painters, without possessing their harmony of colour, or their skill in relief. His influence has spoiled the style of several promising artists: their works are for the most part mere portraits of the prose of daily life, occasionally softened by a touch of sentiment; but of that art which is bred in the highest school of passion, contemplation, and poetry, they bear no trace. In landscape they have made more progress, and the works of M. Diday and M. Guignon are very pleasingly painted; but who would be a landscape-painter in Switzerland, where Nature, prodigally grand, perplexes the eye with a myriad of effects, so enhanced by the brilliancy of a southern sun, so extended by distance and by magnitude, as to baffle the resources of the artist—to drive him into extravagance—and to destroy the unity and meaning of his work? In the midst of these astonishing scenes, (which are flatly contrasted, it must be allowed, with the character of the populations inhabiting them,) no great poet or painter was ever born and bred; the progress of the Genevese lies in the arts of civilization and luxury, and they owe less to their imaginations than to their practical sagacity. Yet I have found amongst them no insensibility to the beautiful spectacles around them, but rather a sense of perpetual enjoyment heightened by use, and excited by the constant varieties of light and shade, storm and calm. Within the last four or five years the lake has been peopled with a little fleet of yachts and pleasure-boats, which are to be seen on breezy evenings, careering round like water-birds, with music on board, saluting the crowds of towns-people gathered on the ramparts to watch their way. I can wish you no better rest and recreation than to join these merry parties of fresh-water sailors; you should have a berth in the Admiral's yacht, *L'Epervier*, and they would hoist the union jack by the side of the federal standard.

H. R.

## DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NOW OPEN.—NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its destruction by fire; and the Village of Alagna, in Piedmont, destroyed by an avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Abstract of Papers read at the Meetings of the Society—continued from p. 604.]

*On the temperature of Insects, and its connexion with the functions of Respiration and Circulation.* By George Newport, Esq.

The author states at the commencement of his paper, that, although it has been long known that insects living in society, as the bee and the ant, maintain in their habitations a temperature higher than that of the open air, the fact had never yet been established that individual insects of every kind possess a more elevated temperature than that of the medium in which they reside, and that in each species the degree of elevation varies in the different stages of their existence. He was first led to study the temperature of insects in consequence of the curious results which he had met with in some observations he had himself made, in the autumn of the year 1832, on a species of wild bee in its natural haunts, with a view to ascertain, as had been suggested to him by Dr. Marshall Hall, the relation between the temperature of these insects during their hybernation, and the irritability of their muscular fibre: but the fact of the existence of a higher temperature in

individual insects had been ascertained by himself prior to these observations; the results of which observations, together with other facts connected with the physiology of insects, he subsequently communicated to Dr. M. Hall.

Since the time when the author has been engaged in the prosecution of this inquiry, some observations on the same subject have been published by Doctor Berthold, of Göttingen, who expresses it as his opinion that insects ought not to be regarded as cold-blooded animals, but who does not appear to have detected the existence of a temperature higher than the surrounding medium in any individual insect. The author also notices the observations on this subject made by Hansmann, Juch, Rengger, Dr. John Davy, and others, some of whom have detected, while others have not observed, the existence of an increased temperature in this class of animals. He then gives a detailed account of the precautions to be taken for ensuring accuracy in making observations of this kind; and remarks that greater reliance is to be placed on those made on the external than on the internal temperature of the animal, seeing that comparative results are all that can be obtained, and that the injury inflicted on the insect by its mutilation very materially interferes with the correctness of the conclusions as to the degree of internal temperature.

After premising these introductory remarks, the author gives a detailed account of his observations on the temperature of insects in their several states of larva, pupa, and imago, from which it appears that those which possess the highest temperature are always volant insects, and are chiefly diurnal species, residing almost constantly in the open air. He shows that the larva has a lower temperature than the imago, and that the energy of its respiration is also less, regard being had to the activity of the insect, and to the size of its body. In lepidopterous insects the average elevation of temperature above that of its surrounding medium, is in the larva from  $0^{\circ}9$  to  $1^{\circ}5$ ; while in the imago it is from  $5^{\circ}$  to  $10^{\circ}$ . Among the hymenoptera it is from  $2^{\circ}$  to  $4^{\circ}$  in the larva, and in the imago from  $4^{\circ}$  to  $15^{\circ}$  or even  $20^{\circ}$ ; but in all cases the amount of this elevation is shown to depend on the degree of activity, and the quantity of air respired during a given period. The author then inquires into the influence of various circumstances, such as inactivity, sleep, hybernation, and inordinate excitement, on the temperature of insects; and shows that the evolution of heat gradually diminishes in a degree corresponding to the length of time during which the insect remains in a state of repose, but that it is immediately increased as soon as the insect is roused into action. He adverts also to the remote cause of hybernation, which he ascribes, in every state of the insect, to accumulations of adipose matter, or of nutrient fluid, which, being stored up in the system, induce a plethoric state, from which the animal is aroused when this store of materials has been exhausted. A variety of experiments are related, tending to prove that a large proportion of the heat evolved by an insect, when in a state of great activity, is dissipated into the surrounding medium, and that the quantity of heat so generated bears definite relations to the habits, the locality, and the energy of respiration in each respective species of insect. Volant insects, he finds, have the highest temperature; and of these the diurnal bear a higher temperature than the crepuscular; next to these must be placed the diurnal terrestrial, and last of all the nocturnal terrestrial species.

In the next division of this paper the author considers the temperature of those insects which live in societies; and in particular of the humble bee and the hive-bee. His observations are confirmatory of many of those of Huber relating to the incubating habits of the former of these species; and he has further ascertained that during the act of incubation the bees possess a voluntary power of generating heat, whereby the temperature of their bodies is raised, apparently for the purpose of imparting warmth to the young in the cells; that this process is accompanied by accelerated respiration; and that the amount of heat evolved is proportional to the quantity of air respired. The law established by Dr. Edwards in the case of the young of mammiferous animals, namely, that they possess less power of generating heat, and that for a certain time they are

unable to maintain their usual temperature, is shown by the author to be equally applicable to the early stage of insect life, and also to the perfect insect immediately after its development from the pupa.

The temperature of the hive-bee is next examined, and it is shown, contrary to the statements of Reaumur, Huber, and others, that bees do not maintain a very high temperature in their hives during winter, but that they are disposed, when not disturbed by any occasional vicissitudes of atmospheric temperature, to assume the state of hybernation; although, on the other hand, when the bees are much disturbed, the temperature of the hive may, even in the midst of winter, become greatly raised. The temperature of the hive is lowest in January, and gradually increases up to the period of swarming, in May or June, after which time it diminishes. A table is given exhibiting the results of successive observations on the influence of the diminution of heat and of light which attended the progress of the annular eclipse of the sun on the 15th of May, 1836, on the temperature of the hive.

It appears from the inquiries of the author that different parts of the hive do not preserve the same relative heat among one another at different periods, and also that the amount of free heat in the hive is often  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$ , even in the months of July and August.

The remaining division of the paper is devoted to the consideration of the connexion existing between the development of heat and the functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion. The state of the pulse during all the different stages of the larva until its metamorphosis into the pupa is examined with great minuteness, and the results are given in a tabular form. The author traces the rate of pulsation during different conditions of repose and activity, and the corresponding frequency of respirations, and finds that although there is a general accordance between the activity of these two functions, yet that the activity of respiration and the quantity of heat evolved do not depend primarily on the velocity of the circulation, but that under all circumstances the quantity of heat developed is exactly proportional to the quantity of respiration. While the insect is feeding, and digestion is going on, the evolution of heat increases, and while it is fasting it diminishes; but this diminution has a limit, whereas increased respiration is invariably attended by increased heat. Gaseous matter is exhaled in great abundance from the surface of the body of an insect, and contributes to regulate and equalize its temperature; but the quantity diminishes in proportion to the length of time during which it has been deprived of food. The author maintains that animal heat is not an effect of mere nervous influence, either general or ganglionic; an opinion which he derives from the following considerations: first, that in many insects in which considerable degrees of heat are evolved, and the respiration is energetic, the nervous system is small compared with that of others in which the respiration is less vigorous; and secondly, that if the evolution of animal heat were dependent on the existence of ganglia, the leech ought to generate more heat than the larva of the lepidoptera, since it has a much greater number of ganglia. Hence he is disposed to draw the general conclusion that animal heat results directly from the changes which take place during respiration; and that the reason why so large a quantity passes off so rapidly from the body of an insect is because it does not become latent, since the circulating fluid, unlike what takes place in the higher animals, is neither completely venous nor completely arterial, but of a character intermediate between both.

Twenty-one tables are annexed exhibiting the records of the experiments referred to in the paper on the respiration, temperature, and circulation of insects.

*Observations on the Dry-rot of Ships, and an effectual method to prevent it pointed out.* By James Mease, M.D.

The method recommended by the author for preventing the occurrence of the dry-rot in ships, is to impregnate the timbers and planks with common salt, as is practised by the ship-builders in Philadelphia. For this purpose all the spaces between the timbers and the outside and inside planks are to be filled with Spanish or Portugal salt, driven down as



the filling proceeds. The salt is found to penetrate thoroughly, and completely to saturate the wood, combining with its native sap and preventing fermentation and the consequent evolution of foul air. The principal inconvenience attending this method is the dampness of the ships; an evil for which the author suggests various remedies.

*Experimental Researches on the conducting powers of wires for Electricity; and on the heat developed in metallic and liquid conductors.* By the Rev. William Ritchie, L.L.D.

In a former communication, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1833, the author endeavoured to show that the quantity of voltaic electricity conducted, or the force of the current, was a function of a greater number of variables than had been previously supposed. As the theory which he proposed for estimating the conducting powers of substances has been controverted by M. Lenz, he has been induced to reconsider the subject, and finds reason to be satisfied with the correctness of his former views. He further finds that with feeble magnetic needles the deflecting forces are not proportional to the force of the current, but approach nearer and nearer to that proportion by increasing the magnetic power of the needles; a result which the author thinks is strictly deducible from the universal law of nature, that the attraction mutually exerted by two bodies is measured by the sum of their masses. He shows that the formula of Ohm, expressive of the conducting powers of wires and of the resistances which they offer to currents of voltaic electricity, is an approximation to the truth only in the case of feeble currents, and that, with the same metal, the conducting powers are not as the length of the wires.

The author next inquires into the relation between the heat developed, which he finds to be, in the same wire, as the square of the intensity of the current; and in wires of the same diameter, and conducting equal quantities of electricity, it is inversely as the conducting power, or directly as the resistance which they oppose to the current. The facts he has adduced in this paper seem to be at variance with the generally received theory of caloric, and to be in perfect accordance with the undulatory theory.

He concludes by describing an experiment confirming the views he has elsewhere advanced with regard to the difference between the physical, the physiological, and the chemical effects resulting from the employment of coils formed of wires of different lengths, being dependent on the time required by the conductor for returning to its natural state.

*On the Ipoh or Upas poison used by the Jacoons and other aboriginal tribes of the Malayan Peninsula.* By Lieut. T. S. Newbold.

The author gives an account of the process by which the Jacoons, an aboriginal tribe inhabiting the mountains and forests of the Malayan Peninsula, prepare the poison applied to the points of the slender arrows which are propelled from the *Simpitan* or blow-pipe. Three preparations are employed for this purpose, distinguished by the names of *Krohi*, *Tennik* or *Ken-nik*, and *Malaye*; the last of these is more powerful than the other two, and is obtained from the roots of the *Tuba*, the *Perachi*, the *Kopah*, and the *Chey*, and from that of the shrub *Mallaye*, whence it derives its name. The *Krohi* poison is prepared from the root and bark of the *Spoh* tree, and the roots of the *Tuba* and *Kopah*, with the addition of red arsenic and the juice of limes; and the *Tennik* from the same ingredients, omitting the *Kopah* root. A few experiments are related, made by the author with a view to ascertain the effects of the poisoned arrows on living animals, from which it appears that the train of symptoms commence in a few minutes after the infliction of the wound, and terminate fatally with more or less rapidity, according to the size of the animal.

*Considérations physiques sur le passage Nord-ouest.* Di Luigi Dan.

The author of this Memoir, considering that the practicability of a North-west Arctic passage must depend on the mean summer atmospheric temperature of the most northern point of the continent of America being above that at which the congelation of sea water takes place, applies himself to the determination of these temperatures. The results of his calculations are given in a table, exhibiting the extreme and the mean temperatures of the atmo-

sphere for each of the summer months, from May to September, at all degrees of latitude, from 60° to 80° inclusive. According to this table, the temperature of zero, which is about the freezing point of sea water, prevails, at 60° of latitude, on the 10th of May; at 61° lat. on the 20th of May; at 63°, on the 1st of June; at 65°, on the 10th of June; at 67°, on the 20th of June; and at 71°, during the whole of the months of July and August. The author concludes that navigators can reach, without danger of being obstructed by ice, the latitude of 71° during these latter months: and that since the American continent does not probably extend beyond 70° north latitude a passage to the North-west is then open. He recommends, however, that instead of attempting it by the dangerous navigation of the polar sea, a coasting voyage between the continent and the numerous islands which exist in that ocean should be undertaken; or, what he thinks still more promising of success, an expedition by land for exploring the country intervening between the Coppermine River and Hudson's Bay.

*Causes de la Variation diurne de l'Aiguille aimantée, de la Lumière zodiacale, des Aurores Boreales, et Méthode simplifiée pour le relevement des Longitudes: Mémoire soumis à la Société Royale de Londres, pour le concours du prix d'Astronomie.* Par Demouville.

The author's speculations proceed on the hypothesis he has adopted, that the Sun, Moon, Jupiter, and Mars perform a diurnal and perfectly circular revolution round the earth.

*Sequel to an Essay on the Constitution of the Atmosphere published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1826; with some account of the Sulphurets of Lime.* By John Dalton, D.C.L.

The author communicates in this paper an account of the investigations on the constitution of the atmosphere, which have engaged his attention during a long period of years. He enters into an examination of the comparative advantages of the three methods which are most in use for analysing common air, namely, firing it with hydrogen in Volta's eudiometer, or abstracting the oxygen by means of nitrous gas and quadrisulphuret of lime; and details the precautions to be taken in the employment of each of these methods, and the degree of accuracy to be expected from the results under different circumstances. He then relates numerous experiments made on air obtained from great heights, from which he is led to the conclusion that the proportion of oxygen to azote in the atmosphere on the surface of the earth is not precisely the same at all places and times; and that in elevated regions this proportion is somewhat less than at the surface of the earth, but not nearly so much as the theory of mixed gases would require, and that the reason for this is to be found in the incessant agitation of the atmosphere produced by winds and other causes.

*Researches on the Tides. Eighth Series. On the progress of the Diurnal Inequality-wave along the coasts of Europe.* By the Rev. William Whewell.

In the seventh series of these researches, the author pointed out the laws which the diurnal inequality of the height of water follows, and showed that those laws are modified so as to exhibit very remarkable differences at different places, and to occasion some difficulty in conceiving the mechanical propagation of the tide-wave. He then suggested what appeared to be a possible solution of the difficulty; but as this suggestion was founded on facts from a few places only, he resolved to attempt to trace the progress of the wave which brings the diurnal inequality on some of the coasts, on which simultaneous observations were made at his request in June 1835; and the present memoir contains an account of the conclusions to which he has been led by this investigation. The details which he gives of the observations made, with this view, at nineteen different stations, appear to establish the conclusion, that the differences of diurnal inequalities at different places are governed by local circumstances, and do not form a progressive series.

*Note on the Fluctuations of the Height of High-water due to changes in the Atmospheric Pressure.* By J. W. Lubbock, Esq.

The author verified, both at Liverpool and at London, the existence of a fact similar to that which M. Daussey had ascertained at Brest, namely, the rise of the ocean when the barometer is depressed; and

remarks that the correction due to changes in the atmospheric pressure is by no means inconsiderable. He suggests the question whether the surface of the ocean rises in narrow seas simultaneously with the depression of the barometer, or otherwise. With a view to the solution of this question, he gives a tabular diagram showing the correspondence between the calculated and the observed heights, in their relation to the heights of the barometer at Liverpool and at London, from which it would appear that the effect of changes in the atmospheric pressure on the tide is immediate.

*On an improved mode of constructing Magnets.* By James Cunningham, Esq.

The material recommended by the author for the most economical, as well as effectual method of constructing magnets, is cast iron, which should be formed in small castings in the shape of a horse-shoe, each weighing about seven ounces; these he finds, on being touched in the usual manner by a small compound magnet, received and retained the impregnation better than any which he had previously constructed of steel.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

*August 1.*—A paper by Mr. James Ingram was read descriptive of a new method of destroying insects in stoves and greenhouses. The red spider, green fly, scale, and thrips, are the insects which appear to have been the objects of destruction in the experiment detailed in the above paper, and which is stated to have been very effectual. The two first-named insects were the most easily acted upon by this antidote to their depredations, ceasing to exist after one hour's exposure to the effluvia arising from large quantities of bruised laurel leaves.

An Address to Her Majesty on her accession to the throne having been voted, the same was read, together with an announcement of Her Majesty's gracious consent to become the Patroness of the Society.

A large silver medal was awarded to Mr. Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, for the exhibition of a very beautiful *Cattleya crispata*; silver Knightian medals were also given for the new variety of *Oncidium Carthagenense*, from Mr. Redding, gardener to Mrs. Marryatt, F.H.S., for the *Ericas* from Mrs. Lawrence, F.H.S., and silver Banksian medals for the roses from Mr. Stephen Hooker, F.H.S., for the *Stanhopea insignis*, from Mr. Pratt, gardener to W. Harrison, Esq., F.H.S., and for the carnations and picotees from Mr. Hogg of the Harrow Road.

Eight candidates were elected Fellows. The meteorological observations between the 18th of July and 1st of August were as follows:—

Barom.—Highest, July 24	30.117
Lowest, July 29	29.253
Therm.—Highest, July 27	85° Fahr.
Lowest, July 30	45° Fahr.
Total amount of rain, 0.63 inch.	

*August 15.*—A note upon the cultivation of the ranunculus, by Mr. W. Dunsford, gardener to the Hon. Baron Dimsdale, was read.

Silver Knightian medals were awarded to James Bateman, Esq., F.H.S., for the *Oncidium Lanceanum*, and to Messrs. Paul, of Cheshunt, for the roses exhibited by them. Silver Banksian medals were also adjudged for a new striped dahlia from Messrs. Paul, for cucumbers from Mr. P. Flanagan, gardener to Sir Thomas Hare, Bart., for a plant of *Erica Everana*, from Mrs. Lawrence, F.H.S., and for *Erica amplexicaule*, &c., from J. Allnutt, Esq., F.H.S. We observed also on the table some very fine black Hamburgh grapes, melons, cherries, gooseberry-pippins of 1836 in excellent preservation, &c.

Jonathan King, Esq., and J. T. Leader, Esq. M.P. were elected Fellows.

The following was the meteorological report from the 1st of August to the 15th of August.

Barom.—Highest, August 7	30.335
Lowest, August 2	29.696
Therm.—Highest, August 14	85° Fahr.
Lowest, August 4	45° Fahr.
Total amount of rain, 0.45 inch.	

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

*SURREY THEATRE.*—A new drama in three acts, called 'The Law of the Land, or London in the Last Century,' was produced here on Monday last, and is now in course of successful repetition. As it

is written by a gentleman nearly if not quite new to the drama, we have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the talent it evinces, but we must take leave at the same time to question the taste which selected the "life and death of Dr. Dodd" as a subject for dramatic representation (for under the name of *Abel Dodsworth* doth Mr. Cooper, late of Drury Lane, represent that person). If it was written with a view to excite horror against the punishment of death for forgery it comes late, seeing that the law has long been altered and modified:—if with a view to hold up to pity, or to indignation, the particular culprit in question, then, the circumstances of his life should have been more correctly adhered to, and the fact of his having been a clergyman should not have been suppressed. As it is, the drama exhibits the career of a gambler who runs from vice to crime until he ends his life upon the scaffold, and thus the allusion to the particular individual seems to us to run the risk, if not to incur the certainty, of wounding the feelings of relatives, who may, perhaps, have been alive at the time, without answering any end of corresponding good, either in a moral or even dramatic point of view. Besides, we are, upon principle, opposed to the undue share of sympathy which is usually awarded to the well-educated criminal; there is infinitely less excuse for him, or rather there is no excuse for him, while there may be some for the poor ignorant man who offends. He cannot plead want of knowledge either of the probable consequences of his crime or of the state of the law; and be that law at the moment never so much too severe he sins with his eyes wide open, and it is for his family, not for him, that we ought to feel. We have considered it to be our duty to enter this protest against the foundation of this drama, lest we should (having in all else to praise it) contribute to the possible introduction of a long line of Newgate-Calender tragedies. As a drama, it is sensibly and correctly written—more so indeed than it was, by some of the actors, delivered; it is well imbued with the manners and spirit of its time, and put together with the tact of one who might be supposed to have had much more experience than the author, as we understand, has had. The scenery is well designed and cleverly painted, and the whole getting up of the piece is most creditable to all concerned. The scene of Ranelagh Gardens is particularly worthy of praise, and we recommend an immediate deputation from every theatre in London, except *Madame Vestris's*, to be sent to see how they "manage these matters" on the despised side of the water.

## MISCELLANEA

*Napoleon*.—A monument is to be erected at Algolia in Corsica, in honour of Napoleon, this being his native town. The statue and pedestal together will be eighty feet high.

*Silk Society*.—A new society has been formed in Paris, called "Serico-cole," which is intended to encourage the manufacture of silk. The first meeting which took place was presided by the Viscount Héricart de Thury; more than sixty members were present.

*Tea*.—Many efforts are making to cultivate the tea shrub in France; it languished in great heat, but has flourished in a lower temperature, and now grows in a strong and healthy manner in the open air at Marseilles, and it is proposed to naturalize it throughout the region where the orange trees prosper.

*Egypt*.—M. Lefebvre, a civil engineer, has lately performed several mineralogical journeys between the Nile and the Red Sea. In these deserts he found an enormous deposit of oriental alabaster, which is now worked by the government. This quarry is seven leagues from Beni-Souef, and at the top it bears marks of having been formerly worked, but its position does not agree with that ascribed in ancient geography to Alabastron Folia.

*Earthquakes*.—This year has been remarkable for earthquakes, and at the foot of the Saint Plomb, at Brigue, in the Alps, there seems to be a permanent earthquake, for the movements began on the 22nd of February and have continued ever since, but have considerably diminished in intensity. The earthquake at Lisbon extended as far as Brigue, and caused great destruction there, which adds to the present alarm. Nervous persons are painfully affected by these continued shocks.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**KING'S COLLEGE, London.—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The CLASSES in THEOLOGY, the CLASSICS, MATHEMATICS, AND LITERATURE, and HISTORY, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. HALL, R. W. BROWNE, and T. DALE, will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 3rd October. The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental and other Foreign Languages, will recommence on the same day.

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The Classes in the School were re-opened on Tuesday, the 15th instant, for the first time since August 16. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE, London.—MEDICAL SCHOOL, SESSION 1857-1858.**—The WINTER SESSION will commence on MONDAY, the 2nd October, with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, by Professor PARTRIDGE, at 2 o'clock P.M. precisely.

**ANATOMY, DESCRIPTIVE AND SURGICAL.**—Professor Richard Partridge, F.R.S., Surgeon to the Charing-cross Hospital.

**MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.**—Professor J. Forbes Royle, M.D. F.R.S.

**MIDWIFERY, AND THE DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.**—Professor Robert Ferguson, M.D., Physician to the Westminster Lying-in Hospital.

**CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.**—Professor J. F. Daniell, F.R.S.

**PHYSIOLOGY, GENERAL AND MORBID ANATOMY.**—Professor R. B. Todd, M.D.

**PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.**—Professor Thos. Watson, M.D., Physician to the Middlesex Hospital.

**PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY.**—Professor J. M. Arnott, Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital.

**COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.**—Professor T. Hymer Jones.

During the SUMMER SESSION Courses of Lectures will be delivered.

**BOTANY.** by Professor David Don, Libr. L.S.

**FORENSIC MEDICINE.** by Professor J. F.ergus, M.D.

**ZOOLOGY.** by Professor Thomas Bell, F.R. and G.S.

**PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE OPERATIONS OF SURGERY, AND OF THE APPLICATIONS OF BANDAGES,** by Professor Richard Partridge, F.R.S., and Mr. Latter.

Further particulars and prospectuses of the different Lectures, may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, between the hours of ten and four.

King's College, August, 1857. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, JUNIOR SCHOOL.**

Head Master.

THOMAS H. KEY, A.M., Professor of Latin in the College.

HENRY MALDEN, A.M., Professor of Greek in the College.

The SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 26th SEPTEMBER. The Session is divided into three Terms; viz. from the 26th September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th August. The yearly payment for each pupil is £15, of which £5 are paid in advance each term. The hours of attendance are from nine o'clock to five o'clock on the first five days of the week, and to a quarter past 12 on Saturdays.

The subjects taught (without extra charge) are Reading, Writing; the Properties of the most familiar Objects, Natural and Artificial; the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages; Ancient and Modern History; Geography, both Physical and Political; Arithmetic and Book-keeping; the Elements of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Any pupil may omit Greek and Latin, or Greek only, and devote his whole attention to the other Branches of the School.

There is a general Examination of the pupils at the end of each Session, and the prizes are then given. The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A Monthly Report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian. The New Class Rooms, which the Council have assigned to the Junior School department, have been recently opened.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Sec.

August, 1857.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.**

Mr. HASELWOOD, Private Tutor, and Assistant Master at the University College School, receives, under the sanction of the Head Master, a limited number of PUPILS, who are to be as BOARDERS, to be educated in the School of the College.

Terms for Board and Private Tuition, FORTY-FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM. Each pupil has a separate bed. The number being limited, a notice is required prior to removal.

The house adjoins the Play-ground of the College, to which (with permission of the Council) a communication has been opened for the pupils' recreation.

Letters (post paid) addressed to Mr. Haselwood, 20, Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square, will meet with attention.

20, Upper Gower-street, 21st August, 1857.

## Sales by Auction.

## SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.

BOOKS, COINS, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 21, Piccadilly, on THURSDAY, August 31st, and two following days; being the REMAINING PORTIONS OF THE COLLECTIONS OF THOMAS FISHER, Esq. F.R.S., and JOHN KEMP, Esq. F.R.S., among which are,

**HUNTER'S History of Doncaster, 2 vols.**—Pollard's Kent, vols. 2, 3, and 4. Bigland's Gloucester and Genealogical Collections—Luther's German Bible, in antique binding—Encyclopædia Britannica, 26 vols.—Bibliotheca Cloustrina—Vayer's St. Edmund's Burg—Ponsonby's Monachium—Gloucester—Encyclopædia and Foreign Topography—Lodge's Portraits, 12 vols.—Nicholl's Illustrations of his Anecdotes, 6 vols.—Nicolaus's Testamenta. Versta. 2 vols.—Gent's Ripon—Large Paper Copies of Annuals—Several Portfolios of Topographical Prints, arranged in Counties; also of Portraits, to illustrate various Historical Works;

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By Messrs. GRIMSTON & HAVERS, at their Great Room, 36, High Holborn, on TUESDAY, 25th August, and two following days, at half-past 12 o'clock each day; consisting

**SPORTING MAGAZINE, 70 vols. uncut.**

**LONDON Encyclopædia, 22 vols.**—Goadby's Miscellany, 31 vols.—Hone's Every-day and Table Book, 4 vols.—Clarke's Commentary on the Bible, 6 vols. 8vo.—Ditto, 7 vols. 4to.—Atlas Newspaper, 1 vol.—S. Cooper's Ecclesiastical Writers, a vols.—Lyon's London, 4 vols.—Landman's Portugal—Pompeii, by Donaldson—Popular Novels—Engravings—Books in Quires—Bibles and Prayers in morocco bindings—Heath's Picturesque, Turner's Tours, Literary Souvenir, Keepsake, and other Annuals—Books of Prints, Paintings, &c.

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May be viewed on Monday, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

## SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF BRITISH ART.

The Subscribers are informed that The Two Pictures purchased this Season, were disposed of by Lot on Saturday, the 12th August, in pursuance of Notice previously given:—

No. 111, 'Paulo and Francesca,' by Cope....James Moyer, Esq. No. 112, Cattle, by T. S. Cooper.....J. Smith, Esq.

## WEST LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

59, BAKER-STREET, PORTMAN-SQUARE.

**JOHN HEMMING, Esq.** will deliver a LECTURE on CHEMISTRY at the above INSTITUTION, on THURSDAY EVENING, the 31st of August, at 8 o'clock precisely, being the last for the present Quarter.

Courses of Lectures for the ensuing Quarter will be shortly announced.

The Reading Rooms, supplied with the Morning and Evening Papers and the best Periodicals, are open from half-past 5 till Morning till half-past 10 o'clock.

Terms of Subscription, Two Guineas per annum.—Entrance Fee, One Guinea.

Ladies (upon the introduction of Members) are admitted to the Lectures and to the use of the Circulating Library, on payment of One Guinea each per annum.

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Those who desire to secure the early impressions, are requested to give their orders immediately to their respective Booksellers.

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Henry Colburn, Publisher, 15, Great Marlborough-street.

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